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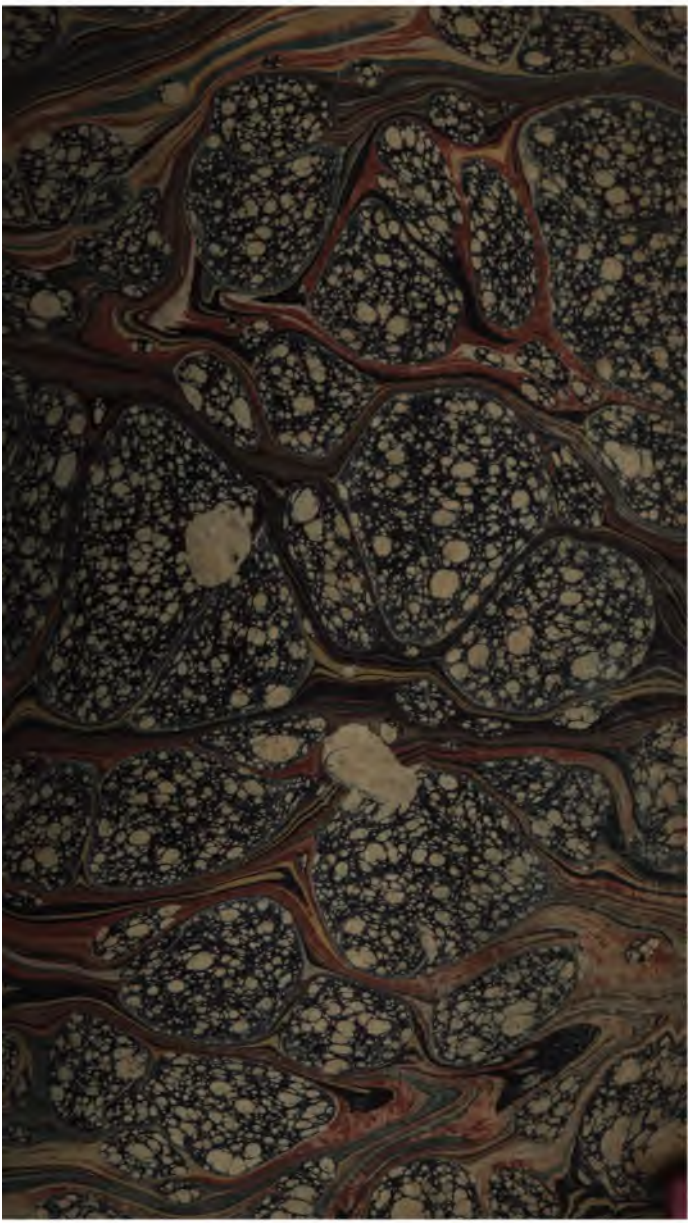

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A L A F;

A

PERSIAN TALE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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1798.

TO THE

READER.

A PREFACE, or addreſs to the reader, is, perhaps, the moſt arduous part of an author's taſk, and frequently as uſeleſs as the WHOLE: but it is a formidable thing to make a firſt appearance before the public without an introduction—a truſt, which, if we may avail ourſelves of

an example from the ſtage of common life properly devolves upon *another.*

The following pages are the production of a girl of ſeventeen; an age in which judgment, whatever promiſes it may make to futurity, is naturally in a ſtate of imperfection; and when free from any indications of an immoral or neglected mind, I will preſume to hope may form an admiſſible claim to the indulgence of the world.

The

The diſtant country in which the ſcene is laid in the work before us, the manners, cuſtoms, and language (or, more properly, ſtyle of expreſſion) of the Eaſt, to which ſhe has endeavoured to confine herſelf, may be allowed to increaſe the difficulties of ſo young an author, and, as *ſhe* apprehends, may have precipitated her into ſome grammatical errors, from which ſhe has not been able to extricate herſelf, without ſacrificing deſcriptive to literal preciſion. But it belongs not to my undertaking to deſcant on the merits or demerits of

her performance: its beſt and only apology is, that *it is all her own*; as ſuch, it is ſubmitted to a candid and diſcerning public: and in full confidence, that whatever ſentence may be paſſed upon it from the awful tribunal before which it ſtands, it will be *equitable*, even though it may be *ſevere*, I remain,

A Friend of the Author.

CALAF.

CHAPTER I.

IN the reign of the Perſian prince Shah Huſſein there lived in Schirvan, a northern province of his dominions, bordering on the Caſpian ſea, a ſage, known by the name of Almorad, the evening of whoſe long life had been ſpent in ſolitude, and ſtudying the ſublime precepts of the Koran; but the fame of his wiſdom ſpread as do the

flouriſhing branches of the cedar: and as the ſoft melody of the lute, touched by a Circaſſian maiden; even ſo ſounded the name of Almorad in the ears of the Perſians. He had a ſon who lived with him among the mountains of Schirvan, whoſe name was CALAF; he was hardy as the young lion of Hyrcania *, and impatient of control as the courſer in the Arabian deſerts: his eyes were black, and wild as thoſe of a ſtag, and he was fairer than the damſels of Georgia: yet he hearkened to the ſage precepts of experience, and paid obedience to the commands of Almorad.

* A Perſian province, which lies ſouth-weſt of the Caſpian ſea: it is woody and mountainous, and overrun with wild beaſts.

The

The great ſultan of Perſia had a ſon, ſome years younger than Calaf, whoſe cheek glowed with the freſh tinge of youth, who was ſtraight as the loſty pine which crowns the mountains of Curdiſtan *, but whoſe mind reſembled an unpoliſhed diamond, which requires the hand of the ſkilful artiſt to give it its true luſtre: this artiſt was the experienced Almorad; and to his care did the Perſian monarch wiſh to entruſt the education of his ſon.

It was long ſince the venerable ſage had quitted the buſy noiſe of worldly affairs, for a peaceful cottage; but he

* A province, the weſtern part of which is in the poſſeſſion of Turkey.

now obeyed the will of his ſovereign, and prepared once more to embark on the ſtormy ſea of life: yet it was with regret that he quitted the mountains of Schirvan, it was with ſorrow that he left the retreat of wiſdom; but the voice of his monarch was to Almorad awful as the roaring of the lion in the wilderneſs, and the commands of the Shah were immutable.

"O Calaf!" ſaid the ſage Almorad, "lay aſide thy bow, and let the wild "boar of the mountain live in ſafety; "no more ſhall the hills echo with the "manly voice of Calaf, or the fierce "tiger of the deſert fall beneath his "arrows: the commands of the ſultan "have pierced through the ſolitude "which

" which ſhaded us; and who ſhall with-
" ſtand his voice, or murmur at the
" decrees of the ſovereign of the Eaſt?
" I have trained thee up, O Calaf! in
" the ways of wiſdom, and thou haſt
" lived under the wing of virtue: the
" mighty Allah has rewarded thee with
" content, and crowned thee with hap-
" pineſs: but who can ſearch into fu-
" turity, or penetrate the dark miſt
" which lies before us? Attend there-
" fore, O Calaf! and liſten to my
" voice; be not dazzled with the ſplen-
" dour of a court, nor let thine heart
" ſwell with pride; for the vanity of
" this world is as a gleam which paſſeth
" away, and as a ſhadow which de-
" parteth. We are going, my ſon, to
" experience the viciſſitudes of a trou-

 " bleſome

"bloſome life: no more ſhalt thou
"bound like the young fawn on the
"tops of the mountains: thine ears
"ſhall be filled with the ſound of
"flattery, and with the poiſon of
"praiſe ſhalt thou be fed: but the
"ſweet odour of the roſe is guarded
"by a thorn, and the ſmile of the de-
"ceiver is fatal. Let then, O Ca-
"laf! the words which I have ſpoken
"ſink deep into thine heart."

"Ah!" ſaid the virtuous Calaf,
"feareſt thou then that the feet of the
"ſon of Almorad will ſtray from the
"path which thou preſcribeſt? Has
"he not followed the directions of the
"Koran, or has he turned his thoughts
"from

" from Allah? Wherefore then ſhouldſt
" thou doubt?"

" My ſon," replied Almorad, " as
" yet thou knoweſt but little; thou
" wilt enter the world as a child which
" beginneth its life: thou haſt not
" wreſtled with its temptations, thou
" haſt not withſtood its allurements:
" the deceitful Genius of pleaſure will
" be ready to embrace thee, and the
" flatterers to fill thee with pride.
" Wilt thou, when encompaſſed with
" ſlaves, when the diamond ſparkles in
" thine eyes, and thy ſenſes are en-
" chanted by the ſoft magic of the lute,
" wilt thou then remember that thou
" art that Calaf, the ſon of Almorad,
" who lived in retirement among the

" mountains of the north? But the
" ſwift wings of time, who ſtayeth not
" for man, flieth towards the morning.
" Tarry not, therefore, my ſon, leſt
" the heat of noon overtake thee on
" thy journey: hie thee to the town of
" Derbent*, and inquire of the ſage
" Albumaſchar, who dwelleth there,
" concerning our departure. That
" great aſtrologer, whoſe piercing eye
" can penetrate the thick veil which
" covereth the events of futurity, will
" inform thee what hour will be the
" moſt fortunate for Almorad and his

* This town is ſituated in the north of Schirvan, upon the coaſt of the Caſpian ſea; its name ſignifies an iron gate, it being a ſtrong paſs between the mountains.—See Sal. Mod. Hiſt. vol. i. p. 306.

" ſon

"ſon to bid adieu to the lofty moun-
"tains of the north. Go, therefore,
"my ſon, but let not thy abſence be
"long; and may to-morrow's dawn
"ſee thee returned to thy father."

The obedient Calaf bowed his head, and retired from the preſence of Almorad: his eyes were fixed on the ground; and, attended by a ſlave, he purſued his way towards the valley of Moran. The riſing ſun ſhed a roſy light acroſs the brows of the mountains, and even penetrated the dark gloom of the valley into which he was advancing: the graſs glittered with the pearly gems of the morning, and the birds were ſtraining their little throats

in notes of gratitude to their Creator.

"Ah!" ſaid Calaf to himſelf, "how "is it that the meaneſt of the works of "Heaven ſhould thus rejoice, when "the ſons of men, the worſhippers of "the mighty Prophet, are caſt down "with grief? Is the ſon of Almorad "leſs worthy than the warblers of the "woods; or haſt thou, O Allah! "turned thine ear from the voice of "his complainings? Ah! wherefore "haſt thou chaſed the ſmile of content-"ment from his boſom? Why haſt "thou doomed his departure from the "peaceful retreat of his infancy?— "Alas, Calaf! no more ſhalt thou

"re-

" recline beneath the ſhady branches of " the poplar, or ſlumber in the cool " receſſes of the valley."

He had now entered the town of Derbent, and addreſſing himſelf to a man who was paſſing through the ſtreet, he ſaluted him gravely, and beſought him to conduct him to the abode of the venerable Albumaſchar. The ſtranger having complied with the requeſt of Calaf, led him through ſeveral ſtreets, till they arrived at an avenue of tall trees, ſtretching their luxuriant branches from the portico of a ſuperb houſe, adorned with columns of the fineſt marble.

Calaf, after many acknowledgments, took leave of his guide, and the door was opened by a black ſlave, who conducted him to an apartment, in which he beheld a venerable figure repoſing on a magnificent ſofa, covered with green velvet, and richly embroidered: his ſnowy beard hung down to his belt, and his body was bowed by the weight of years. At the approach of Calaf he raiſed himſelf from his couch: the ſon of Almorad addreſſed him with reſpect, and ſpoke to him in theſe words:

"Divine Albumazhar! thou who "conferreſt with the ſtars, and art in-"ſtructed by the heavens, deign to "in-

"inform me of the road which fate
"has aſſigned me. Know, experi-
"enced ſage, my name is Calaf; I
"am the ſon of Almorad, who dwell-
"eth in the mountains, half a day's
"journey from hence. The mighty
"monarch whom the Eaſt obeys, hath
"commanded us to leave our humble
"habitation, and repair to his court.
"Tell me, then, O learned Albu-
"maſchar! when we ſhall bid adieu to
"the mountains."

"Thou art welcome, young man,"
replied the ſage: "the ſon of Almorad
"is welcome to the houſe of Albumaſ-
"char. Long have theſe eyes deſired to
"behold thy father: he has lived alone;
"in ſolitude have his declining days
"been

" been ſpent: nevertheleſs his fame is
" far ſpread among the children of men:
" even as the light of heaven, which
" diſcovereth what darkneſs has en-
" veloped, ſo are the leſſons of his wiſ-
" dom to the worſhippers of Allah."

" Sage, whom the world conſults," replied Calaf, " may the rewarder of the
" faithful repay thy hoſpitality, and may
" he ſhed his bleſſings like balm around
" thine head! But behold, the ſhades of
" evening will ſoon cloſe upon the
" plains, and Almorad waiteth with im-
" patience the return of his ſon."

" Calaf," ſaid Albumaſchar, " that
" which thou deſireſt ſhall be revealed
" to thee: meanwhile thou ſhalt be con-
" ducted

" ducted to a bath, where thou mayeſt " be refreſhed from the fatigue of thy " journey."

At his call a ſlave entered.

" Moukhtallah," ſaid the ſage, " lead " the ſtranger to the bath, and be it thy " care, that he lacketh not the attention " which is due to the gueſt of Albu- " maſchar."

Calaf followed Moukhtallah to the bath; the waters of which, clearer than cryſtal, flowed from a fountain of variegated marble, rendered cool by the orange and lime trees, which waved their verdant heads over the ſtream; and to their fragrance was added that of the moſt

moſt exquiſite perfumes, which were ſcattered around in profuſion. He was then conducted to a room, far more magnificent than that which he had firſt entered: on the walls were carved ſeveral cabaliſtical figures, and in the midſt ſtood a little table of green marble, by which ſat the ſage Albumaſchar, who preſented him with a ſcroll, inſcribed with the following words, in letters of gold:

"The children of Adam are but as "the duſt of the earth, which the wind "diſperſeth; even as corn which falleth before the ſcythe of the reaper, "ſo are the ſons of men before the hand "of death. Who then can ſay, I will "tarry till to-morrow, when the morn-

"ing's

" ing's dawn may behold him the food
" of worms and vultures? Delay not
" then, O Calaf! to follow the com-
" mands of the Shah. Honour awaits
" thee, advancement courts thy accept-
" ance; the purple robe, the desire of
" ambition, shall be thine; the sabre,
" the reward of courage, shall sparkle
" on thy side; and thou, O Calaf! shalt
" become the loftiest branch of the Per-
" sian cedar. But let the son of Almo-
" rad beware of the temptations of
" love; let him strengthen his heart
" against the charms of beauty, that
" weakener of the strong, that impeder
" of the swift. Let not the lion fall
" into the net of the hunters; let not
" the king of the forest be taken in
" the snare. Let Almorad hasten to

" the

" the court of his monarch: there
" ſhall the counſels of experience ripen
" into virtue the heart of a future
" king."

" Calaf," ſaid the ſage, " haſt thou
" weighed, and doſt thou underſtand
" the words which thou haſt read?"

" Alas!" replied the youth, " I
" muſt fly my beloved mountains, in
" ſearch of fame, and what will be my
" recompence? Hath not our holy
" Prophet anointed my breaſt with the
" balſam of content? My heart hath
" never longed after riches, nor have
" my ears been open to the empty
" ſounds of praiſe. As for the charms
" of beauty, I fear them not: I have
" ſeen

" ſeen the faireſt damſels who inhabit
" the mountains with indifference; I
" have beheld them without emotion.
" But the day is departing: tell me
" then, O learned Albumaſchar! when
" Almorad muſt quit his retirement,
" and bend his ſteps towards the pre-
" ſence of the king."

" To-morrow," anſwered Albumaſ-
char; " when the ſun ſhall withdraw
" his radiance from the mountains, and
" the moon gleams with a ſilver light
" upon the inhabitants of the earth;
" then ſhall Almorad and his ſon de-
" part from their beloved retreat."

Moukhtallah then entered the room,
and preſented to Calaf a goblet full of
the

the moſt exquiſite ſherbet, and a baſket containing a variety of dried fruits. When he had eaten, he expreſſed his gratitude to the hoſpitable ſage, and departed from the houſe of the venerable Albumaſchar.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

THE ſon of Almorad now bent his ſteps from the town of Derbent; and with a heart oppreſſed with melancholy he lifted his eyes to the pale orb of night, which ſhone in majeſtic ſerenity on the tops of the mountains: every thing was ſtill; ſcarce a murmur was heard among the trees; the nightingale alone ſeemed to chant an anſwer to the ſilent complaints of Calaf. The valley of Moran, which he now re-entered, was perfumed by the fragrance of violets and roſes; the penſive calmneſs of the ſcene was ſoothing

to the ſadneſs of his ſoul, and his feet lingered inſenſibly in the verdant path. At length, the ſlave who attended him ventured to expreſs his fears leſt they ſhould encounter any of the genii who inhabited the mountains*, thoſe beings ſo terrible to the ſight of mortals.

"Haſt thou then," ſaid Calaf, rouſed from meditation by the words of the ſlave, "committed ſome fault, for "which thou feareſt the vengeance of "the Prophet? Haſt thou dipped thy "hands in blood; or how haſt thou "tranſgreſſed his laws? If thou art

* The inhabitants of moſt of the eaſtern nations place a ſtrong belief in the power of genii, or invifible ſpirits, over the good or ill fortune of their lives.

"in-

" innocent, wherefore ſhouldſt thou
" tremble? If this valley be the abode
" of inviſible powers, doubtleſs they
" will protect the virtuous."

They now began to climb the hills, and the trembling ſlave expreſſed his joy that they had emerged in ſafety from the obſcurity which had ſtruck a damp upon his heart.

" Agib," ſaid Calaf, " I ſee thou art
" not endued with courage. Yet what
" is it that thou feareſt? When the
" ſummer parcheth up the ground, and
" filleth the world with heat; when
" the ſcorched herd retireth from the
" mountains, and the ſon of man ſeek-
" eth the ſhady wood for ſhelter—how
" oft

"oft has the wearied Calaf pierced the
"thickeſt covert of the valley; how
"oft has he repoſed beneath the um-
"brageous branches of thoſe trees,
"which the radiant beams of the ſun
"could not penetrate; how oft, when
"the milder beauty of the moon hath
"chaſed away the intenſe heat of day,
"and the dark green of the valley is
"ſpangled by the cooling dews of
"evening, have I liſtened till the re-
"turning dawn, to the ſweet war-
"bling of the nightingale! This, O
"Agib! was the only ſound which
"broke the tranquil gloom of night.
"The genii of darkneſs terrified me
"not; but the protectors of the world
"ſeemed to reign over the ſcene, invifi-
"ble to the ſight of mortals."

The ſun now began to glimmer through the trees, and to caſt a faint light acroſs the plains; when the ſon of Almorad, attended by his ſlave, arrived at the habitation of his father, who beheld him with joy.

"Welcome, my ſon!" ſaid the virtuous ſage. "Have I not longed for "thy preſence, and lo, thou art re- "turned to my wiſh! Almorad has "not taſted of repoſe ſince thy ab- "ſence; nor once have the eyelids of "thy father been cloſed in ſlumber. I "have watched during the hours of "night: the divine leſſons of the "Koran have amuſed my mind; the "inſpired words of the Prophet have "enlightened my ſoul. But let Calaf

" declare to his father the inſtructions
" of Albumaſchar."

" My father," replied Calaf, " thus
" ſaith the ſage—To-morrow night,
" when the moon poureth her ſilver
" rays upon the hills, when the glow-
" worm ſparkleth on the ground; then
" ſhall Almorad and his ſon quit their
" retreat in the mountains." He re-
" ceived me with hoſpitality, he ſa-
" luted me with kindneſs; and the
" voice of Albumaſchar paid the tribute
" of praiſe to the virtues of Almo-
" rad."

" My ſon," ſaid the ſage, " well
" haſt thou obeyed the directions of
" thy father. But methinks thou art
" weary;

"weary; thou haſt travelled far, and
"'tis time thou ſhouldſt repoſe thyſelf.
"Retire, therefore, O Calaf! and may
"the downy wing of ſlumber be waft-
"ed o'er thy brows."

But far from the breaſt where ſadneſs maketh its abode, are the balmy dews of ſleep: they ſealed not the eyes of Calaf: his boſom heaved with ſighs, and his ſoul was depreſſed with ſorrow: his cottage on the mountains appeared to him more deſirable than palaces, and the poplars which ſhaded it more majeſtic than columns of marble: the wild notes of the nightingale, more melodious than the ſofteſt lute; and the roſes of the valley, more fragrant than the richeſt perfumes of Arabia.

"I am going," ſaid he, "among
"men whom I know not, and whom
"my ſoul careth not for: my counte-
"nance muſt look bright with ſmiles,"
"when my heart is plunged in grief."
"Yet why do I complain?—it is the
"will of the ſultan, and ſhall he not
"be obeyed?"

Thus did Calaf continue to indulge his melancholy, till the ſun-beams, darting through his windows, ſummoned him to riſe, and perform his devotions to the Prophet. He then prepared to amuſe himſelf with the chaſe, for the laſt time, amid the foreſts of Schirvan: but when he bent his bow, his arm failed him; when he aimed his dart, it flew not to the mark;

the

the lofty ſound of his voice was no longer heard, it died away in broken murmurs on his lips, it ſunk into ſilence. The ſpotted leopard felt not his lance, the trembling hart eſcaped from his arrows.

"Ah!" ſaid Calaf, "ye ſavages of "the deſert, fear no longer the bended "bow: ye ſhall range the mountains "in ſafety; ye ſhall devour the inno-"cent prey; for the ſon of Almorad no "longer purſueth you: no more ſhall "the ſhafts of Calaf be dipped in "your blood."

Now turning his ſteps from the foreſt, he proceeded towards the habitation of his father, with whom the

hour of dinner being now arrived, he partook of the ſimple repaſt which was prepared for them. Luxury, that inhabitant of palaces, was baniſhed far from the board of Almorad, and a cup of water and a few dates* uſually furniſhed his humble meal. Calaf then read aloud ſeveral paſſages from the book of his Prophet, and Almorad amuſed himſelf with a caalean† till the approach of night warned them to retire. The feeble eyelids of Almorad ſoon gave way to repoſe, but Calaf

* The principal meal of the inhabitants of the Eaſt is ſupper; fruits, rice, and ſweetmeats, being moſt agreeable to them in the heat of the day.

† A veſſel made of glaſs, uſed by the Perſians in ſmoking.

once

once more bent his way towards his favourite valley; and no sooner had he entered it, than the discourse of Agib forcibly recurred to his imagination.—"Doubtless," said he, "this terrestrial paradise is the abode of the "guardian genii of the mountains. "May they deign to instruct with their "counsels the heart of Calaf, and in-"spire his soul with virtue!"

The eyes of Calaf were closed in sleep; he sunk down among the roses. Scarcely were his senses subdued by slumber, ere there appeared before him a being of gigantic stature: his eyes sparkled with a mild lustre, and his countenance, which was shaded with hair of the most beautiful auburn,

ſhone with the bright glow of benevolence: a pair of ſilver wings waved from his ſhoulders: when he ſpoke, the ſound of his voice flowed in muſic through the valley, and his breath perfumed the air with the moſt delightful odours.

"Son of the virtuous Almorad," ſaid the Genius, "thy prayer is heard. "I am Urquino, the Genius of theſe "mountains. I am thy guardian, too, "O Calaf! I have watched thee by "night, I have guided thee by day, I "have kept thy mind under the domi-"nion of virtue; I have led thee in "the ſteps of thy father. Now, O "Calaf! I deliver thee to the world, "where thou wilt be encompaſſed with "tempta-

" temptations; thou wilt be allured by
" pleaſure; thou wilt be vanquiſhed
" by beauty; thou wilt be elated by
" pride; and ambition ſhall ſeize upon
" thy mind."

" Alas!" cried Calaf, " how ſhall I
" reſiſt theſe united enemies of my
" youth, when thou art no longer my
" guide? how ſhall I withſtand their
" allurements?"

" Have courage, my ſon," replied Urquino; " continue to ſtudy the di-
" vine precepts of thy great Prophet,
" and ceaſe not to liſten with reverence
" to the leſſons of Almorad; for apt
" are the feet of youth to ſtray into
" the paths of error, and to fall with

" precipitation into the ſnares of plea-
" ſure: but of all the enemies of
" which my care would warn thee, the
" mightieſt is ambition; and I will
" ſhow thee, O Calaf! the fatal effects
" of this haughty, this deſtructive
" power."

He then gently drew his hand over the eyes of Calaf.

" Tell me, my ſon," ſaid he, " what
" thou beholdeſt?"

" Ah!" cried the aſtoniſhed Calaf,
" the valley is transformed into a ſtately
" palace; and if mine eyes deceive me
" not, I ſee a youth of a lofty air ar-
" rayed in purple, and glittering with
" dia-

" diamonds, reaching with both hands
" at a crown, which ſeems far beyond
" his graſp."

" Look again," ſaid the Genius;
" and ſay what now appeareth to thy
" view?"

" Alas!" cried Calaf, " how is the
" ſcene reverſed! The magnificent
" palace is now become a dreary pri-
" ſon. The man whom I beheld but
" now in the bloom of youth and
" beauty, is ſhivering with age and in-
" firmity; and thoſe eyes * which ſeem-
" ed to dart forth lightnings on the be-
" holder, ſome barbarous hand has

* Loſs of ſight is a common puniſhment for ſtate priſoners in Perſia.

 " torn

" torn from him; and behold, a ſlave
" enters, to releaſe him from his miſe-
" rable exiſtence. O thou, who deign-
" eſt to inſtruct the children of morta-
" lity, permit me to turn away mine
" eyes from this ſcene of death.....O
" ſuffer not thy ſervant to fall into the
" ſnares of a miſguided ambition!"

" The vengeance which thou ſhud-
" dereſt at is juſt," replied the Genius.
" But know, O Calaf! Urquino means
" not to damp the noble ardour of
" youth, or entirely to extinguiſh the
" glowing ſparks of ambition. When
" the cauſe of thy ſovereign calls forth
" thy courage, when the hoarſe voice
" of war echoes through the plains,
" and the ſabre of the foe is waving in
" thine

" thine eyes; then let the valiant arm
" of Calaf ſtrike for fame, and the
" gracious ſmile of his monarch ſhall
" crown his ambition. Be not, O my
" ſon! carried away too rapidly by the
" ſweeping torrent of pleaſure; be not
" drowned in the whirlpool of diſſipa-
" tion. Farewell, O Calaf! and let
" not the leſſons of Urquino be ba-
" niſhed from thy mind."

At theſe words, ſpreading his ſhining wings, he cut the yielding air, and diſappeared from the ſight of Calaf: but no ſooner was he gone, than a female figure, of moſt raviſhing beauty, preſented herſelf to his dazzled view. Her golden treſſes, which flowed careleſſly

leſſly on her ſhoulders, were looſely bound by a little chain of pearls: her complexion rivalled the roſes and lilies which perfumed the valley; and the beams which were darted from her eyes ſeemed to chaſe away the gloominess of night.

"Calaf, thou ſon of Almoraad," ſaid the beauteous viſion, in a voice full of the moſt enchanting harmony, "behold thy conqueror!"

At theſe words he ſtarted, and waking, found himſelf ſtill in the valley: but the viſion which charmed him had vaniſhed from his ſight.

"Stay,"

"Stay," cried he, "lovely ſultana! "Beautiful houri*! tarry for a mo- "ment. The ſoul of Calaf is indeed "vanquiſhed: the heart of the ſon of "Almonad is become thy captive. "Ah! too cruel as thou art, thou ap- "peareſt not to my wiſh. Yet, what "is it that I deſire? Ah, preſumptu- "ous Calaf! impious ambition has al- "ready ſeized upon thee. This is, "doubtleſs, one of thoſe celeſtial beau- "ties deſtined to reward the faithful "when Azrael† has taken them from "the world.—Ah, fooliſh Calaf! how "doſt thou afflict thyſelf! What is it

* Houries are celeſtial beings inhabiting Paradiſe, deſtined to be the companions of Muſſulmen after death.

† The angel of death.

"that

"that thou loveſt? A phantom of "the night, an image formed by ſleep. "Urquino! thou guardian genius of "my youth, why haſt thou forſaken "me? Why haſt thou left the mind "of Calaf a prey to ſuch vain illu-"ſions?"

With his heart diſturbed by theſe perplexing ideas, he was quitting the valley; but ſuddenly recollecting that his feet preſſed the verdant carpet on which he ſtood, for the laſt time, his eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, unmanly weakneſs!" cried he; "unworthy the ſon of Almorad. Shall "Calaf, who ſupinely yields to the "vain control of grief—ſhall he dare

"to

" to contend for the prize of fame?
" No, alas! the heart of Calaf was
" not made for the noble ſtruggles of
" honour! Is he not drowned in the
" tears of effeminacy? is he not taken
" in the ſoft toils of love?"

Then endeavouring to recover the compoſure which had forſaken him,

" Farewell!" cried he, " beloved
" retreat of Calaf. Ye ſongſters, whoſe
" melody has ſo oft enchanted him—
" ye roſes, whoſe beauty is rivalled
" only by the freſh bloom of the hours
" he adores."

He now purſued his way towards a brook, which wound its glaſſy ſtream round

round the foot of one of the loftieſt mountains which reared its frowning front above the valley; where it was his cuſtom to perform the ablutions required of the faithful by their Prophet. His boſom now ſeemed to have baniſhed the weight with which it was oppreſſed, and he entered the habitation of his father with a countenance expreſſive of ſerenity.

"Joy of my heart!" ſaid Almorad, "in good time art thou come. The "beaſts are ready laden; and when "the ſun begins to ſink in the horizon, "and the duſky grey of the twilight "ſucceeds to the bright radiance of "day, we will mount our horſes, and

" for ever bid adieu to the moun-
" tains."

They then partook of the refreſh-ment of ſome fiquaa * and dried fruits; and being informed by a ſlave that the camels had received their load, and were waiting with their horſes at the gate, " My ſon," ſaid Almorad, " there " remaineth not aught which ſhould " detain us. Let us not, therefore, " delay our departure."

Calaf obeyed the voice of his father; and having mounted their horſes, they were ſoon out of ſight of the cottage.

* A beverage compoſed of barley, raiſins, and water.

CHAP-

CHAPTER III.

ALMORAD and his ſon had not proceeded far on their journey before the moon ſhone on them with unuſual ſplendour, and the lofty vault of heaven was ſpangled with ſtars. A calm ſilence reigned around them, which the feet of their camels and horſes alone interrupted. The travellers had not ſpoken for ſome time; the thoughts of the youthful Calaf wandered after the fair viſion of the valley, and thoſe of Almorad were employed in contemplating the new proſpects which were opening before them: at length, he

broke

broke ſilence, and addreſſing himſelf to Calaf, ſpoke as follows:

"We are going, my ſon, to launch "the veſſel on which our hopes de-"pend, on a fluctuating ocean. We "reſemble a merchant, who ventures "out to ſea with his whole poſſeſſions: "at his departure, the weather is mild, "the ſky ſerene; not a wave threatens "oppoſition to his wiſhes: but how "frail are the deſigns of mortals! "Behold him almoſt arrived at the "wiſhed-for port, when, lo! a black "tempeſt ariſes, the ſhip is daſhed "againſt a rock, and all his hopes pe-"riſh. May, however, our proſpects, "as they are bright at preſent, prove "fortunate in the end! But, alas!

"how

"how uncertain is the favour of
"princes! on how weak a baſis does
"he build who erects the ſtructure of
"expectation on the ſmiles of man!
"I ſpeak not from the rigid caution of
"age; my words are not dictated by a
"cold ſuſpicion, but my voice is the
"voice of experience, and my coun-
"ſel the effect of knowledge. I have
"lived many years in the world; I
"have ſeen ſudden changes in the pro-
"ſperity of men. Should our ſove-
"reign behold us with an unfavourable
"eye, we will return to the mountains,
"where we have ſpent our days in
"tranquillity: the cottage ſhall be our
"refuge from the malice of the world;
"and the remainder of our lives ſhall

"be.

" be devoted to the ſervice of our Pro-
" phet."

" But, my father," interrupted Calaf,
" why need we fear the malice of any
" enemy, if our mighty monarch
" ſhould deign to honour us with his
" regard? What foe would be ſo
" hardy as to oppoſe us?"

" Ah, Calaf!" replied Amorad,
" how little is thy guileleſs heart ac-
" quainted with the intricate mazes of
" the labyrinth we are going to tread!
" How little knoweſt thou of the ſub-
" tlety of the world! It is not an
" open and undiſguiſed enemy; it is
" not an honeſt and fearleſs foe which
" is to be dreaded; it is the man who
" car-

" carries friendſhip in his eyes and ha-
" tred in his heart: it is the flatterer,
" who ſmileth on him whoſe ruin he
" intends. Even as the aſp which
" pleaſeth while it wounds, ſo is the
" deceitful man, who allureth his vic-
" tim with kind words. Such as theſe
" ſhouldſt thou avoid: but, alas! how
" difficult is it for the eye of youth to
" diſcover the adder which lieth hid
" among the roſes!"

" Ah, virtuous Almorad!" cried Ca-
laf, " long mayeſt thou continue to di-
" rect the footſteps of thy ſon, and
" ſhow him the road to happineſs. But
" how ſhall the inexperienced Calaf
" avoid the dangers of which thy care
" has warned him?"

" My

"My ſon," replied Almorad, "be "wary in whom thou puttest thy truſt: "try every man before thou giveſt "him thy friendſhip, and let not a "ſpecious countenance beguile thee of "thy confidence: for know, O Ca-"laf! ſuch was the fatal credulity, "whence every misfortune which has "attended the life of thy father has de-"rived its birth."

The morning now began to dawn; the birds ſang among the trees; and the ſun, ſhining in full beauty, diſcovered to our travellers the white waves of the Caſpian ſea. They were now near the town of Scamachi *, which

* The capital of the province of Schirvan.

they did not reach ere they were met by a ſmall party of rabdars *, the chief of whom, alighting from his horſe, ſaluted Almorad with profound reſpect, and thus addreſſed him:

"My lord! deign to inform us, if "thou art not the ſage Almorad, whom "our mighty monarch, the ſovereign "of the world, hath commanded us "to ſeek?"

"If," anſwered Almorad, "ye are "the meſſengers of the mighty Huſ-"ſein, I am he whom ye are com-"manded to meet. But what proof "have ye that ye bear the orders of "the ſultan?"

* Guards of the road.

"My

"My lord!" returned the rabdar, drawing a packet from his boſom, "behold the royal ſignet! The prince "of the Eaſt ſent us to haſten thy de- "parture; and we ſhould have pro- "ceeded to thy abode in the moun- "tains, had not thy appearance pre- "vented us."

Almorad preſſed the ſignet to his forehead; and the rabdar, remounting his horſe, informed him he was or- dered to conduct him in ſafety to Iſpa- han.

They proceeded on their journey; and no ſooner had they entered the town of Scamachi, than the daroga*,

* Governor of the town.

who had notice of their approach, ſent his vacanaviſh* to invite them to ſojourn in his palace. The vacanaviſh conducted the travellers and their attendants to the houſe of the daroga, who received them with great reſpect. That governor was one of thoſe falſe Muſſulmen who ſeek only for the applauſe of men, and by whom the frail vanities of this world are more regarded than all thoſe eternal rewards which are promiſed to the virtuous: he had ſeveral enemies at court, who ceaſed not their endeavours to remove him from the favour of his ſovereign; and the daroga feared leſt in the end their efforts might prove ſucceſsful. He

* Secretary, and next in rank to the daroga.

was

was more cowardly than the trembling hind, more arbitrary than the mighty monarch who had raiſed him; his heart was harder than adamant to the cries of diſtreſs, but his words flowed ſmoother than oil in the ears of the proſperous. As Almorad was going to court, he endeavoured to win his friendſhip, in hopes that, ſhould his enemies prevail, he would intercede for him with the Shah. The youthful mind of Cabaf was charmed with his hoſpitality; but the grave and experienced Almorad was not to be deceived: the maſk of hypocriſy was too ſlight for the piercing eyes of the ſage, who diſcovered the frightful viſage of depravity beneath the thin tiſſue which ſhaded it.

" Ah, my lord!" ſaid the governor, addreſſing himſelf to Almorad, " how " happy! how enviable art thou in the " poſſeſſion of ſuch a ſon, to be the " ſolace of thy declining years! I " had once," added he, with a ſigh, " a " ſon, who was beautiful as the open- " ing roſe: his eye was piercing as the " eagle's; his courage fiercer than the " lion's: but it pleaſed the Moſt High " to take him from me in the bloom of " youth, and he now ſleeps quietly in " the ſepulchre of his foreſathers. I " vainly ſtruggle to drive his image " from my mind, and arraign inceſ- " ſantly the cruelty of my fate."

" My lord!" replied the ſage, " it " is not the part of Almorad to blame " thy

"thy grief, when in full poſſeſſion of
"that happineſs for which thou pineſt.
"I am old, and have known many
"ſorrows; I have ſupported them with
"fortitude; I have bowed myſelf with
"humility: yet ſhould it be the will
"of Omnipotence to take from me the
"ſtaff, the pillar of my trembling
"age, I truſt I ſhould not ſink be-
"neath the weight of misfortune, or
"impiouſly murmur at the decrees of
"Providence."

"Happeneth there aught, O daroga!
"beyond the note of an all-ſeeing
"Wiſdom? The acorn droppeth not
"from the oak without the will of
"Heaven! Thinkeſt thou, then, that

" the ſorrows of mortals lie unre-
" garded?"

" Ah!" cried the daroga, " thy
" words are a healing balſam to the
" cankered wounds of affliction: the
" counſel of the ſage is ſweeter than
" honey; and the words of wiſdom
" more precious than balm. But,
" alas! the wickedneſs of man de-
" ſerveth the chaſtiſement of Heaven!
" and behold, I, even I, have wrought
" the works of darkneſs, and done
" thoſe things of which I now repent.
" O Allah! may my tears come before
" thee! But, alas! how little will they
" avail, againſt the heavy curſes of
" thoſe whom I have wronged!"

" Ah!"

"Ah!" said the good Almorad, much moved with the deſpair in which the daroga was plunged; "amongſt "the myriads of created beings who "inhabit the univerſe, how few of them "are perfect! I have told thee, O da-"roga! that the life of Almorad has "been deeply marked with the ſable "tinges of woe. Know, then, O thou "Judge of the Muſſulmen! that all "the troubles which have attended me "are the fruit of one impious and im-"prudent action. Who, then, ſhall "dare to repine at the juſtice of Hea-"ven?"

"Ah, virtuous ſage!" replied the daroga, "if the wounds of which thou "complaineſt will not bleed afreſh at

" the recital, oblige me with the hiſ-
" tory of the years of thy life."

" My lord," anſwered Almorad,
" thou ſhalt be obeyed. I have been
" uſed to contemplate the ſcene of my
" paſt afflictions; I reflect on them
" with calmneſs, with reſignation, and
" can even thank them for the experi-
" ence which they have taught me.
" Hear then, my lord,

THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF *ALMORAD THE SON OF HASEPH.*

" Thy ſervant was born in the capi-
" tal city of Perſia, and owed his birth
" to Haſeph, an omrah of the court;
" in the reign of the father of the
" mighty

"mighty monarch who now ſways
"the empire." I was left an orphan at
"an early age; I was taken into the
"royal palace, and the beneficence of
"the Shah amply ſupplied to me the
"protection which I wanted. I was
"placed under the care of a learned
"ched *; who inſtructed me in the
"ſublime worſhip of Mahomet, and
"explained to me the ſounna † of that
"great prophet. All the learning of
"the Eaſt was laid open before me:
"in ſhort, had Almorad been a prince
"of the royal blood, his education
"could not have been more cultivated.
"But the years of infancy are doubtleſs

* Derviſe, or doctor.

† The accidental ſayings of the Prophet, which are ſtill preſerved.

" uninteresting; suffer, then, thy ser-
" vant to pass them over in silence.

" The generosity of the Shah, like a
" fruitful stream, which causeth the
" valley to flourish, and crowneth the
" mountains with verdure, was still
" unwearied; it flowed like a torrent
" on the unworthy head of Almorad.
" He bestowed on me a magnificent
" house, and I was attended by slaves
" from all quarters of the globe: the
" beauties of Georgia and Circassia
" waited at my nod; the most pre-
" cious perfumes of Arabia scented my
" apartments; the richest diamonds of
" Golconda sparkled on my turban;
" my tunic shone with the costly gems
" of India; and the fleetest coursers in
" the

"the world waited the commands of "Almorad. The king, whose bounty "was exhauſtleſs, in a ſhort time be-"ſtowed on me the poſt of alemdar *. "The ambitious ſon of Haſeph was "always near his perſon: in all affairs "of conſequence, the great ſucceſſor "of the Imams † deigned to conſult his "ſlave. And yet, O daroga! perfect "happineſs was not the lot of Almo-"rad: his mind was weakened by "pleaſure, his body enervated by lux-"ury! If the Shah, like the ſun, diſ-"fuſing gladneſs over the world, con-"deſcended to refreſh his people with

* Great ſtandard-bearer.

† Succeſſor of the Imams is one of the titles aſ-ſumed by the Perſian monarchs.

"the genial influence of his ſmiles,
"how jealous was the ſon of Haſeph
"of thoſe on whom they fell! So
"true it is, that the covetous and ambi-
"tious are never at the ſummit of their
"deſires. Envied by, and envying
"every one, I pined in the midſt of
"ſplendour: if the ſmalleſt gloom over-
"ſpread the radiant countenance of
"the monarch, Almorad trembled with
"fear; yet, unworthy as I was, I was
"ſtill loaded with favours. In this
"manner did the ſon of Haſeph paſs
"the firſt twenty years of his life. One
"day, as I was reclining in my garden,
"ſheltered from the heat of noon, be-
"neath the cool ſhade of a lofty ſyca-
"more, Nahor, the friend of my
"ſoul, the man who partook of all

"my

"my good fortune, came haſtily to me.
"'Ariſe, Almorad,' ſaid he; 'awake
"from thy ſlumber, and follow me to
"the preſence of the king.'—Pardon
"me, my lord, that I have not before
"mentioned the friend of whom I
"now ſpeak. Yet know that ſixteen
"years of ſolitude have not been ſuf-
"ficient to eraſe from my mind the
"deep reſentment which his treachery
"has implanted in my breaſt. But I
"will proceed; and the concluſion of
"my hiſtory will inform thee of the
"cauſe of my emotion. I roſe imme-
"diately, and proceeded to the pa-
"lace, where I was moſt graciouſly
"received by the mighty Ibrahim, who
"was ſeated in the midſt of his
"beys,

"boys *, on a throne of gold and
"ivory.—'Draw near, thou ſon of
"my ſervant Haſeph,' ſaid the mo-
"narch, with an air of condeſcenſion,
"'and give ear to the happineſs which
"awaits thee. Too long haſt thou de-
"layed to turn thy thoughts to mar-
"riage. Thy ſovereign has taken up-
"on himſelf the care which thou haſt
"neglected, and has procured for thee
"a lady, the luſtre of whoſe eyes
"would outſhine the brighteſt dia-
"mond in his crown. Know then,
"Almorad, 'tis the beautiful Azilé,
"the daughter of Monaſchar, the
"cheik iſlamy †, who is willing to

* Nobles. † Ancient of the law.

"crown

"crown with joy the heart of the ſon
"of Haſeph.'

"Overwhelmed with gratitude, I
"threw myſelf at his feet, crying out,
"in a tranſport—'O king! who art
"the happineſs of thy people, mayeſt
"thou live for ever! May thy glory
"eclipſe the brightneſs of the ſun!
"May proſperity ſhine around thy
"throne! Yet, who is Almorad, that
"he ſhould be thus favoured by the
"moſt mighty king in the world? or
"how has the ſon of Haſeph deſerved
"the ſmile of his monarch? O ſha-
"dow of the Moſt High! lieutenant
"of the great Prophet! deign to ac-
"cept the acknowledgments of the un-
"worthieſt of thy ſlaves.'

"'Riſe,

" ' Riſe, Almorad,' ſaid the royal " Ibrahim; ' I accept thy gratitude. " The bleſſing of his ſubjects is the " moſt pleaſing incenſe to the heart of " a generous king. Thou mayeſt re- " tire, and ſhalt not wait long for the " happineſs I have promiſed thee.'

" I departed from the preſence of the " monarch, and returned to my houſe, " whence I made haſte to ſend the " daughter of the ſeid * a girdle of " the richeſt jewels, and two lovely " female ſlaves. In ſhort, O daroga! " the ſun had not thrice run his daily " courſe, ere I became bleſſed in the " poſſeſſion of the moſt beautiful crea-

* A title given to a deſcendant of the family of Mahomet.

" ture

" ture in the world.—O Azilé!—
" Azilé! wife of my ſoul! why wert
" thou torn from me?"

" Sage," ſaid the daroga, " a ſudden
" pain ſhoots through my head, and
" my heart fainteth within me. Break
" off, therefore, I pray thee, for a
" moment."

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

ALMORAD and Calaf were grieved to obſerve the paleneſs which overſpread the countenance of the judge; his lips trembled, he ſtared wildly on his gueſts, and left the room in diſorder: they did not wait long, however, for his return; he ſoon appeared—but, alas! the colour had forſaken his cheek, and, in ſpite of his efforts to ſeem compoſed, an univerſal tremor pervaded his frame.

"Virtuous Almorad," ſaid he, "be "not alarmed: I am old, and oppreſſed "by infirmities; but thou ſeeſt health "is returned to me." Then, taking each

each of them by the hand, he led them to another apartment, where an entertainment was prepared for them, compoſed of the moſt delicate viands: dates and pomegranates of the province of Choraſſan* were ſet before them; and they drank of ſherbet which ſparkled in cryſtal goblets: the chamber was refreſhed by a little fountain of the cleareſt water, round which hung gilded baſkets, full of the moſt odoriferous flowers; beſides which, the moſt delicious balms and perfumes of Arabia, burning in tripods of ſilver, contributed to delight the ſenſes of the daroga and his friends.

In ſpite of the pomp and ſplendour which reigned around him, the governor

* A province to the north-eaſt of Perſia.

ſeemed

ſeemed conſtrained and uneaſy: when he addreſſed himſelf to Almorad, it was with perturbation; and a kind of terror was diſcernible on his brow. When dinner was ended, he made a ſign to a ſlave, who went out; and preſently there entered ſeveral beautiful female ſlaves, playing on the lute, ſome dancing, and others ſinging in a moſt exquiſite manner. When they had entertained the travellers with their different performances, on a look from the daroga, they retired; and the impatient Calaf ſeized the opportunity of entreating his father to reſume the recital of his adventures.

"My ſon," replied the ſage, "my "lord the daroga is already much fa-

"tigued

"tigued by them; I will take, there-
"fore, ſome other time to recount to
"thee the remainder of the life of thy
"father."

The governor then faintly joined his entreaties to thoſe of Calaf; and Almorad, at length complying, reſumed his narration:

"For ſome years after my marriage
"with my dear Azilé, my life was one
"continued ſcene of delight! My am-
"bition, my vanity, forſook me; I
"ſtudied only how to pleaſe the object
"of my love. Her beauty could not
"be exceeded by the daughters of Para-
"diſe: her dark blue eyes ſhone with
"a luſtre which could not fail of daz-
"zling

" zling the beholder: her cheek was
" blooming and downy as the peach:
" her lips reſembled a divided cherry;
" and her hair flowed in golden ring-
" lets on a neck of the moſt poliſhed
" ivory. Thus lovely, thus captivating,
" had nature formed my Azilé! Could
" Almorad do leſs than adore her? No;
" his whole ſoul was hers. If perfect
" happineſs was ever experienced by
" the frail ſons of Adam, it has been
" the lot of Almorad. Thus did ten
" years of my life glide away in one
" dream of uninterrupted felicity, ſha-
" ring, with my beloved Azilé, and
" the friend of my heart, thoſe favours
" which my ſovereign laviſhed upon me.
" But, alas! we are only raiſed to
" the height of earthly happineſs, to

" make

"make us fall the lower! And thus it "was with the ſon of Haſeph. Intoxi- "cated with pleaſure, I thought not of "the future, nor ever conceived the poſ- "ſibility of a reverſe of fortune. One "day, as I was attending the royal "Ibrahim, who was hunting with ſe- "veral beys and omrahs of the court, "after having fatigued ourſelves much "with the chaſe, the king, on a ſud- "den, ordered his attendants to retire "into a neighbouring wood, and there "wait his ſummons. Me alone he "commanded to ſtay; and, when they "were all gone, he ſpoke to me to this "effect:

"'Thou knoweſt, Almorad, I have "heaped favours upon thee with an un-

"ſparing hand: though an orphan,
"and deſtitute of a father's care, I have
"never ſuffered thee to feel the drear
"winter of adverſity. I loved the ven-
"erable Haſeph: he was the adviſer of my
"youth, the conductor of all my
"actions. Alas! how much, at this
"moment, does Ibrahim need a ſincere
"and faithful counſellor!'

"'Great monarch, and benefactor of
"my youth,' cried I, 'live for ever!
"May yon radiant orb ceaſe to ſhine on
"the baſe ſlave who ſhall dare to pro-
"nounce the words of treachery to the
"lieutenant of the Prophet.'

"'Give ear then, O Almorad!' ſaid
"Ibrahim, 'to the voice of thy ſove-
"reign.

"reign. It has pleased the Most High "to bless me with a son, who will be "an ornament to my throne, and a "comfort to my subjects, when the "angel of death shall have taken me "from them; and I trust the gracious "Allah will one day make him the "glory of the Persians. Dost thou not "think, Almorad! that the sultan "Hussein will one day satisfy the "wishes of his father?"

"'Great monarch!' replied the son "of Hatoph, 'I doubt it not.'

"'Hear me then, Almorad!' said "the royal Ibrahim: 'thou knowest I "have yet another son, the young "Noureddin; even now his little breast "swells

" ſwells with mighty thoughts of great-
" neſs; courage ſparkles in his infant
" eyes; and I fear, O Almorad! he
" may prove a dangerous rival before
" the ſteps of his brother. Know then,
" ſon of Haſeph! I would take from him
" thoſe eyes which expreſs but too
" plainly the unruly ardour of his mind;
" for this alone can prevent his becom-
" ing an obſtacle to the greatneſs of
" Huſſein; and, I ſwear by our holy
" Prophet, the mirza* Noureddin ſhall
" never ſucceed his father on the throne
" of Perſia. Speak then, Almorad!
" and tell me what thou thinkeſt.'

" 'Great king of the Muſſulmen,'
" cried I, thunder-ſtruck at his words,

* The title of a prince of the blood.

" 'ſuffer

" ' ſuffer not the meaneſt of thy ſlaves
" to be the counſellor of his prince.'

" ' Speak, I command thee,' ſaid the
" Shah, with an angry air; ' and dare
" not to conceal from Ibrahim the in-
" moſt thoughts of thy ſoul.'

" ' Lieutenant of the mighty Pro-
" phet!' replied I, trembling with fear,
" ' deign to pardon the boldneſs of thy
" ſervant. Almorad ſhall anſwer thee
" according to the dictates of his heart.
" The mirza Noureddin is yet but an
" infant: his youthful breaſt cannot
" have felt the goading ſpur of am-
" bition. Deign then, mighty king,
" to let him live in the quiet poſſeſſion
" of the frail bleſſings of life: ſend

" him to ſome diſtant province, where " he may never hear the empty ſounds " of glory; or keep him for ever in the " ſeraglio, where he may enjoy all the " pleaſures of a ſoft and effeminate life, " and drown in eaſe and luxury thoſe " preſumptuous thoughts which fill thy " royal mind with trouble and per- " plexity. Do not, therefore, O gra- " cious prince! deprive thy ſon, the " young Noureddin, of the light of " heaven! a bleſſing enjoyed by the " pooreſt peaſant in thy dominions."

" Almorad!" ſaid the king, " thy " words are the words of fooliſhneſs, " and thy counſels the effect of inexpe- " rience. Know that at the birth of " Huſſein, his mother, the ſultana Zo- " rayde,

" ryde, demanded of a Chaldean astro-
" loger the future fortune of his life.
" That sage, after consulting the horo-
" scope of his destiny, declared that he
" should enjoy a long and prosperous
" reign over the Persian empire, if I
" had no other son to dispute the suc-
" cession. Noureddin is that son; and
" 'tis his death alone which can ensure
" the tranquillity of Hussein."

" Gracious Ibrahim!" cried I, throw-
" ing myself at his feet, " imbrue not
" thy royal hands in the blood of thy
" son. Remember it was thou, even
" thou, who gavest him his being.
" May the gracious Allah incline thine
" heart to pity! May he take from thee

" the

" the cruel purpoſe which is lurking in
" thy ſoul!'

" 'Wretch!' ſaid the ſultan, whoſe
" brow was darkened by rage, 'is it
" thus that thou rebelleſt againſt the
" wiſhes of thy ſovereign? Knoweſt
" thou not, ungrateful ſlave! that the
" decrees of Arabini are irrevocable
" laws? What then ſhall become of
" that miſcreant who ſhall dare to queſ-
" tion them even in his moſt ſecret
" thoughts!'

" 'Terrified at the wrath of the king,
" my ſpirits forſook me. Even as the
" wretched traveller, tranſfixed by a
" blaſt of ſulphureous wind, as he tra-
" verſes Arabia's burning ſands; ſo ſtood

" Almorad,

" Almoran, pierced by the lightnings
" which darted from the enraged visage
" of the angry Ibrahim.

" The monarch, seeing me amazed
" and stupified by his words, resumed as
" follows:

" ' Though thou meritest the vengeance
" ance of thy sovereign, yet the love I
" bore thy father, who was a faithful
" counsellor, an ourah in whom I
" trusted, shall intercede in thy behalf;
" and, for his sake, I will pardon the
" offences of Almoran. Thou art young,
" and the splendour to which I have ex-
" alted thee has, doubtless, dazzled
" thine eyes. Alas! how careful should
" be the monarchs of the world on

 " whom

"whom they condescend to lavish their "favour!'

"Unable to answer, I flung myself at "the feet of Ibrahim; who, raising me "from the ground, ordered me to re-"mount my horse: then, rejoining his "attendants, he returned immediately "to the palace.

"I retired, overcome with confu-"sion, to my own house, where I was "met by my friend, who, beholding me "pale and disordered, exclaimed, 'Gra-"cious Allah! what dire misfortune "has befallen Almorad! Speak, O son "of Hasseph! Repose in the bosom of "thy faithful Nahor the sorrows of thy "soul.'

"'Wretch

"'Wretch that I am!' cried I, 'I "have loſt that favour which has pro-"tected and followed me ſince the "days of my infancy. Yes, Nahor! "thy friend is utterly undone!'

"'Alas!' cried he, 'imprudent Al-"morad! how haſt thou deſtroyed thy-"ſelf! how haſt thou forfeited that "jewel which was bequeathed to thee "by thy father; that ineſtimable gem "with which thou haſt hitherto been "crowned!'

"'Ah!' exclaimed I, 'reproach not "the unfortunate. It is true, Almorad "has been raſh; but our Prophet, who "looketh into the ſouls of men, know-

" eth he hath not ſwerved from the paths
" of virtue."

" I paſſed the remainder of the day
" in meditating on the cruel reverſe of
" fortune, which I expected would be
" the conſequence of my temerity. I
" ſpent the night in weeping and la-
" menting, expecting ſoon to receive
" my death from the cord of the exe-
" cutioner.

" I roſe early in the morning, but
" was not yet dreſſed, when the king's
" chiaoux * came to my houſe, and
" ordered me to repair to the palace.
" Overwhelmed with apprehenſion, I
" hattened thither immediately, but

* Meſſenger.

gueſs

" [illegible] my surprise, O Omega, when
" the monarch received me with a gra-
" cious smile, and treated me with his
" usual condescension. In short, the
" presumptuous son of Haleph believed
" himself once more reinstated in the
" love of his sovereign. Yet, in spite of
" the joy I felt at a reception so benig-
" nant, and unhoped for, I still had an
" anxious desire to be informed of the
" fate of the infant mirza. 'Alas!' said
" I to myself, 'perhaps he is even now
" struggling in the agonies of death:
" perhaps the hand of violence is now
" tearing his tender frame.'

" Overcome with emotions of horror,
" I soon quitted the palace. I will not
" recount to thee the uninteresting
" events,

"events, which marked the three years
"which succeeded those, the narrative
"of which I have already given thee."

"But," said Calaf, with a look of anxiety, "satisfy us at least of the fate "of the young Noureddin. Surely he "did not fall a victim to the cruel jea-"lousy of Ibrahim?"

"My son!" answered Almamed, gaz-ing on him with a look of tenderness, "he was soon released from the troubles "and misfortunes which attend the lives "even of the happiest of the great. "But interrupt me not. In the course "of those three years, O Datoga! "Azile blessed me with a son, and I "was raised to the highest summit of

"my

"my delights, when one fatal evening
"—Alas! how can I call to mind that
"ſcene of folly and imprudence, with-
"out feeling a regret, which time can
"never erase!

"My friend Nahor, whom I loved,
"was with me: our hearts were full of
"gaiety; we were already intoxicated
"with proſperity. It was then, for the
"firſt time, that I drank large draughts
"of that liquor which our Prophet has
"forbidden to his faithful Muſſulmen.
"It was then, that in the heat of wine,
"I profaned the names of the holy
"Imams*. In the midſt of the con-
"fuſion cauſed by this poiſoner of the

* The twelve immediate ſucceſſors of Mahomet.

"mind,

"mind, Nador turned his discourse to
"the beauty of women.

"At this moment, cried he, 'the
"haram of the blessed, the fortunate
"friend of Almorad, contains the most
"lovely creature in the world. She is
"a Georgian. I know thou boastest
"much of the beauty of thy wife; but
"even as the stars of heaven, which
"fade and vanish before the lustre of
"the sun; so would the eyes of Anile
"appear dull before the transparent orbs
"which irradiate the countenance of
"Zenora.'

"Enraged at the comparison, I answer-
"ed him with heat; and our contest grew
"at length so high, that I imprudently

"resolved Azilé should appear before "him, and give force to the argu- "ments I had ineffectually used.

"'Foolish boaster!' said I, 'thou "shalt soon be made sensible of the "vanity of thy exultation.'

"Then calling Morasdyn, the chief "of my eunuchs, I ordered him to bring "Azilé, arrayed in her richest robes, "into my presence. My commands "were instantly obeyed, and Azilé "entered the room. Nahor seemed "fascinated by the beautiful symmetry "of her person. She wore a caftan * "of green tissue, embroidered with "gold and jewels, fastened only by a

* A woman's gown.

"nar-

" narrow diamond belt: her ſhining
" treſſes hung in natural ringlets, under
" a turban of Caramanian * purple:
" but when, at my deſire, ſhe drew aſide
" her veil, and diſcovered the dazzling
" lovelineſs of her face, he fell at her
" feet in rapture. ' Ah!' cried he,
" ' celeſtial beauty! thou who inhabiteſt
" thoſe happy plains watered by the
" waves of the refreſhing Cauſſer †,
" how kind art thou, to give the ſons
" of men an earneſt of their future
" felicity!"

* The wool of which the moſt beautiful turbans are made, comes from the province of Caramania, or Kerman.

† The river of delight; ſuppoſed by Muſſulmen to water the plains of Paradiſe.

" ' Ariſe,

" ' Ariſe, my lord!' ſaid ſhe, with an " enchanting ſmile; ' I am no houri. " It is to the brightneſs of my lord's " imagination I owe thoſe charms, of " which he believes me poſſeſſed.'

" ' Own,' cried I, ' own, raſh Nahor! " that the beauties of thy incomparable " Zenora muſt yield to thoſe of my be- " loved Azilé.'

" Nahor anſwered not. He ſtood " ſtupified, and gazing on the face of " Azilé. I ſaw his admiration with de- " light. Alas! I thought not of the " fatal conſequences which enſued. " The bluſh of timidity overſpread the " countenance of my wife; and ſhrink- " ing from the ardent gaze of Nahor, " ſhe entreated my permiſſion to retire.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

"WHEN Azilé had left the apart-
"ment, I beheld with aſtoniſhment the
"lethargy into which my friend was
"fallen. At length, making an effort
"to recover himſelf, 'I perceive,' ſaid
"he, 'that the fumes of intoxication
"have already thrown a cloud over my
"ſenſes. Let us then retire for the
"preſent. To-morrow thou ſhalt come
"to my houſe: thou ſhalt ſee Zenora,
"and judge if I have ſpoken of her
"too favourably.' Then, after I had
"promiſed to comply with his requeſt,
"we ſeparated for the night. Early

the

"the next morning I went, as was my
"cuſtom, to attend the commands of
"the royal Ibrahim. But who can con-
"ceive the conſternation into which I
"was plunged, on beholding the coun-
"tenance of my ſovereign overcaſt with
"frowns?'

"'Son of Haſeph!' cried he, 'I
"would ſpeak to thee. What puniſh-
"ment does the man deſerve, who im-
"piouſly tramples on the laws of his
"religion and country?'

"'Confounded at the look of diſplea-
"ſure which accompanied theſe words,
"I turned pale, and heſitated.

"'Lo!'

"'Lo!' cried the king, addreſſing "himſelf to the vizir, with a ſmile ex- "preſſive of the utmoſt indignation; "'behold the man who turneth not aſide "from the rigid dictates of virtue! his "eye retains the conſcious firmneſs of "rectitude, and his cheek the manly "glow of courage.' Then caſting on "me a look full of rage, 'Wretch!' "cried he, 'how haſt thou the pre- "ſumption to appear in the preſence of "an offended ſovereign?'

"Trembling and affrighted, I made "an effort to reply, but was interrupted "by the king.

"'Peace, miſcreant!' ſaid he, 'nor "dare to inſult the monarch who has

"too

"too long been deceived by thy hypo-
"crisy. Begone for ever from my
"sight: yet, ere thou departest, hear
"the sentence which the mercy, rather
"than the justice, of thy sultan has
"passed upon thy crimes."

"The vizir then read aloud an or-
"der, by which I was prohibited ap-
"pearing within three days journey
"from Ispahan, on forfeiture of my
"head.

"Distracted with grief, I flung my-
"self prostrate at the feet of Ibrahim.
"But vain were all my prayers and en-
"treaties to be heard; and I retired
"from the palace overwhelmed with
"shame and despair. I bent my mourn-

"ful

"ful ſteps towards the houſe which had
"ſo lately been the ſcene of perfect
"happineſs; and where I ſoon hoped
"to find a ſoothing conſolation, in
"ſharing my ſorrows with the beloved
"miſtreſs of my ſoul. But, alas! the
"language of man cannot deſcribe to
"thee the rage, the diſappointment,
"with which I was ſeized, on beholding
"my houſe, the abode of luxury and
"delight, extended in ruins on the
"ground. In vain did I call upon
"Azilé. In vain did I pierce the air
"with my complaints. My wife, alas!
"heard me not:—ſhe was removed far
"from the voice of Almorad's anguiſh.
"At length, fainting with grief, and
"unable any longer to bear the misfor-
"tunes which united to oppreſs me, I
"left

"left the miſerable ruins of my
"once ſtately palace: thence I wan-
"dered into the fields, and throwing
"myſelf on the graſs, would gladly
"have relinquiſhed an exiſtence which
"which was grown inſupportable. I
"had now time to reflect on the fatal
"cauſe of that terrible reverſe, which,
"in a few ſhort moments, had reduced
"me from the height of proſperity to
"the loweſt abyſs of miſery and deſpair.
"The debauch in which Nahor and
"myſelf had been engaged the pre-
"ceding night, inſtantly recurred to
"me. But far from ſuſpecting that
"treacherous friend of having betrayed
"me, I ſuppoſed him equally unfor-
"tunate with myſelf." This reflection
"redoubled my ſorrow. 'Ah!' cried

"I, in an agony, wretch that thou art! "is it not ſufficient to bring deſtruction "on thyſelf? Perhaps the faithful Na- "hor is even now ſinking beneath the "ruin, in which the example of a guilty "friend has involved him. With my "ſoul torn by the moſt afflicting emo- "tions, I paſſed a night full of horror. "At length the bright dawn of morn- "ing ſhone upon the deſpairing Almo- "rad. But, alas! that dawn, which "uſed to bring with it new delights, "was now inſupportable. 'Ah!' cried I, "'how ill does the ſweet chanting of "theſe feathered warblers accord with "my misfortunes! their little boſoms "feel nothing but joy at the returning "radiance of day: they know no "grief; they are inſenſible to the "voice of deſpair.' At this moment a

"gleam

"gleam of pleaſure ſhot acroſs my
"ſoul, on beholding, at a little diſ-
"tance, Imalchar, the moſt faithful of
"my ſlaves, advancing towards me, with
"my ſon, the little Calaf, in his arms.
"Haſt thou not ſeen the ſnowy crowned
"top of the venerable Taurus, his ſtern
"viſage frowning defiance on the pro-
"ſtrate plain; when on a ſudden, feel-
"ing the kind influence of the ſun, it
"relents, and melts in ſoft dews upon
"the inhabitants of the valley? Even
"ſo did the rage and deſpair of Almo-
"rad diſſolve into tears of tenderneſs,
"on once more beholding a ſon, whom
"he believed loſt for ever. The good
"Imalchar wept bitterly, and we ſtood
"for ſome time gazing on each other in
"ſpeechleſs ſorrow. At length Imal-
"char broke ſilence, and thus addreſſed

" me: ' Fly, my lord, fly this accurſed
" city! Seek ſafety and repoſe in ſome
" diſtant province, far from the viciſſi-
" tudes of courts, from the treachery
" of mankind, where ruin and death
" lurk in the path of incautious pro-
" ſperity.'

" ' Alas!' cried I, ' whither ſhall I flee?
" whither ſhall I eſcape from the out-
" rages of the world? But tell me, Imal-
" char, where is my Azilé? where is my
" wife? why did ſhe not accompany
" thee? With her I could traverſe the
" ſandy deſert; with her I could wan-
" der through the dreary wilderneſs,
" and with her I could yet live happy.'
" With a look of anxiety, I waited the
" anſwer of Imalchar. ' My lord!' an-
" ſwered that faithful ſlave, ' Almorad,
" the

" the ſon of the wiſe, the virtuous
" Haſeph, muſt now ſummon his ut-
" moſt fortitude:—for know that Azilé,
" the lovely, the amiable Azilé is no
" more.' My heart was already ſub-
" dued by anguiſh. I wanted not this
" blow. I fell breathleſs on the ground.

" Imalchar believed Azräel, behold-
" ing me with an eye of pity, had
" given me a final releaſe from my ſor-
" rows. But, alas! I was reſerved to feel
" the full violence of my fate. On re-
" covering, I beheld my little Calaf weep-
" ing and lamenting the ſuppoſed death
" of his father. 'No, my ſon!' cried I,
" 'I will not die:—for thy ſake I will
" live, and ſtem the torrent which would
" otherwiſe overwhelm me. But pro-

" ceed,

" ceed, Imalchar! and inform me quickly
" of the fate of my beloved Azilé.'
" 'My lord,' anſwered he, 'no ſooner
" hadſt thou yeſterday departed from
" thy houſe, than it was ſurrounded by
" a party of the Shah's guards, headed
" by that treacherous monſter Nahor.
" It was vain for us to reſiſt. We durſt
" not diſobey the orders of the ſultan.
" The wicked Nahor commanded Mo-
" raſdyn to lead him to the apartment
" of the charming Azilé. He deſcribed
" to her his paſſion, and declared it
" was for her ſake alone that he had
" betrayed Almorad.

" 'Haſt thou betrayed him?' ſaid
" the fair Azilé, her bright eyes glowing
" with indignation. 'Begone then,

" wretch!

"wretch! the tremendous baſiliſk could "not be more hateful to the ſight of "Azilé, than the betrayer of her huſ- "band, her dear Almorad. No; I will "fly to him, I will ſhare his fortunes, "and he ſhall find a comforter in his "faithful Azilé.'

"'Lovely ſultana!' ſaid the baſe, "the deceitful Nahor, 'moderate thy "reſentment, and have pity on a wretch "who adores thee. Almorad is no "longer an inhabitant of this world; "no more ſhall he be ſenſible of the "heavenly graces of Azilé. I will be "thy huſband—a huſband more kind, "more tender, than him whom thou "lamenteſt.'—'Ah!' ſaid ſhe with a "look of deſpair, 'is he then dead?

"No, my Alnoradi! even death shall "not fright me—I will share it with "thee.' Then seizing a little dagger *, "which lay concealed in the folds of "her sash, she plunged it in her breast, "before Nahor could wrest from her "hand the fatal instrument of destruc- "tion. Astonished and confounded, he "stood gazing on the lovely form, "which had fallen breathless on the "couch.

"'Alas!' said he, 'how are my pur- "poses defeated! I have ruined my "friend; I have murdered her whom "I adored; and I have given a "wound to my own conscience, which

* This instrument forms always a part of the dress of a Persian lady.

"never

" never can be healed.' By this time the
" guards had begun to raze the houſe.
" I ſeized an opportunity, in the midſt
" of the confuſion, to ſecure the little
" Calaf, who, together with this caſket, I
" fortunately ſaved from the hands of
" the deſtroyers. I inquired of the
" guards concerning the fate of my
" maſter; and being informed thou wert
" ſtill living, ſpent the remainder of
" the day, and the ſucceeding night, in
" ſearching for thee.'—

" Haſt thou not, O daroga! ſeen the
" foaming torrent ruſhing in cataracts
" upon the valley? haſt thou not heard
" the mountains re-echo with its roar-
" ing? Even ſo was the enraged ſon
" of Haſeph borne away by the violence

 " of

" of deſpair;—even ſo could he have
" ruſhed on the deſtroyer of his peace,
" the treacherous diſturber of his pro-
" ſperity.

" 'Farewell!' ſaid I, 'ye deluſions of
" happineſs! ſince Azilé has been torn
" from me, never more ſhall ye find en-
" trance in the heart of Almorad.
" Henceforth, grief, diſappointment, and
" ceaſeleſs ſorrow, ſhall dwell for ever
" in my ſoul.' Then throwing myſelf
" on the ground, 'Here,' cried I,
" 'here will I remain: here will I wait
" that death, which I entreat our Pro-
" phet ſpeedily to ſend me. But do
" thou, Imalchar, fly with my Calaf, to
" ſome far deſert, where he may never
" hear the treacherous voice of man;

" where

"where no deceitful friend may ever
"find him.'

"'How, my lord!' said the good
"Imalchar, terrified at the words I had
"uttered. 'Wilt thou then forsake thy
"son? wilt thou deprive him of a
"father's care? wilt thou abandon him
"to the malice of the world?'

"At these words, I cast my eyes on
"Chaf; his little hands held mine,
"and washing them with his tears, he
"gazed on me with a look of irresistible
"tenderness. 'Ah, my child!' cried
"I, 'is it possible that thy youthful
"breast can be already so sensible to the
"bitterness of sorrow? Happy is the
"infant who lives not to witness the

" wickedneſs of the world. Come, my
" ſon; to thy happineſs will I dedicate
" the remainder of my life: but never
" more ſhall Almorad be the dupe of
" the artifices of mankind.'

" 'Will my lord deign to liſten to
" the counſels of a faithful ſlave?' ſaid
" the impatient Imalchar. Tarry no
" longer here, leſt thy life be endan-
" gered by thy ſtay. Let us find out
" ſome retreat far beyond the reach of
" the perils by which thou art ſur-
" rounded.'

" 'Ah!' cried I, 'has not the cruelty
" of fortune deprived us of the means,
" even of retiring from the world?'—
" 'My lord,' anſwered Imalchar, draw-
" ing

"ing a caſket from his robe, 'I doubt "not but that this box contains jewels "of ſome value.' On opening it, we "diſcovered a thouſand dinaras*, and a "picture of my beloved Azilé, more "dear to me than all the hoarded poſ-"ſeſſions of the eaſtern mines."

"My father," interrupted Calaf, "haſt thou yet preſerved the reſem-"blance of my unhappy mother?"

"Ah, my ſon!" ſaid the good Al-morad, "I have ſtill worn it next that "boſom, which ſhall ever retain a ſin-"cere regret for the loſs of the original, "the charming, the faithful Azilé."

* A ducat of gold, worth twelve ſhillings.

Then

Then taking a picture from his veſt, he preſented it to Calaf, who, looking up as he received it, beheld with aſtoniſhment, that the daroga was ſunk lifeleſs in a ſwoon.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

BUT what was the ſurpriſe of Almorad, when the daroga, who was ſoon reſtored to life, by the aſſiſtance of his attendants, on opening his eyes, ſcreamed in an agony—

"Hide me—hide me, Allah! from "the ſight of the injured Alaamor. "Behold, unfortunate man, the guilty "Nahor."

"How! Nahor!" cried Almorad, with a mixture of ſurpriſe and horror. "Is it poſſible! Do I then once more "behold

" behold the vileſt, the moſt treacherous
" of mankind?"

" O!" ſaid the daroga, " if mercy
" dwelieth in the breaſts of the vir-
" tuous, ſurely Alzamor is merciful.
" Spare, then, reproaches, more piercing
" than the ſcorpion's ſting. Every
" word thou haſt uttered has been a
" dagger to the heart of the wretched,
" the ungrateful Nahor. Yet know,
" Alzamor, miſerable as my perfidy has
" made thee, thou haſt not felt thoſe
" inward tortures, which have never
" ceaſed to purſue the deſtroyer of his
" friend."

" Alas, then!" ſaid Almorad, ſtarting from the lethargy into which he was plunged,

plunged, and gazing wildly on the diſtracted countenance of the daroga, "it "is no viſion; it is too true: Alzamor "again beholds the man, who once held "the ſecond place in his ſoul; but who "is now an object more hateful to his "ſight than the terrific Dabekh*. Yes, "cruel Nahor, thou wert once dear to "me, as is her young to the pelican of "the wilderneſs. Thou knoweſt the "time, when that life, which thou haſt "deprived of its value, ſhould have "been laid down for thy ſake. But "thou, faithleſs as thou art, broke'ſt the "ties which bound us; and never ſhall "they be renewed by any of thy deceit-

* The chief of the black angels, called Zoubanya, whoſe office it is to torment the wicked in

"ful race. Farewell, O Nahor! and "if our Prophet heareth my entreaties, "never ſhall we meet again: never "more ſhall I look upon the murderer "of Azilé.

"Come, my ſon," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Caled, "let us quit a houſe, "wherein thoſe wounds have been torn "open, which fifteen years of ſolitude "have ſcarcely healed."

The youth, who had gazed on this affecting ſcene before him with ſilent terror, gave his hand to his father; and leaving the daroga fainting in the arms of his ſlaves, they departed from the palace, with emotions very different from thoſe with which they had entered it.

The

The perturbation which the ſight of his deceitful friend had cauſed in the mind of Alzamor (for ſo we ſhall henceforth call him), rendered him unable to proceed; and they paſſed the night in a caravanſera *, then inhabited by ſome Armenian merchants, who intended to depart next morning, on their way to Julpha †, and in whoſe company it was agreed that they ſhould purſue the remainder of their journey.

When the firſt rays of morning gave our travellers notice of approaching

* A kind of inn for the uſe of merchants.

† A town about a mile from Iſpahan, where there is a great colony of Armenian, and other Chriſtian merchants.

day,

day, they loaded their camels, and bid adieu to the city of Scamachi.

The ſevere trial which Alzamor had encountered the preceding evening, ſeemed unto him even as the light impreſſion of an airy viſion; yet it baniſhed the ſerenity of his countenance, and the wonted mildneſs of his brow gave way to the gloom, which overſpreads the viſage of the thoughtful and auſtere.

"Yet," ſaid he to himſelf, "it is not "a dream! Theſe eyes beheld him— "theſe aged eyes, made dim by the "bitter tears which he has cauſed to "flow."

Whilſt

Whilſt the mind of Alzamor was full of theſe reflections, the caravan entered the ſtreet in which was the palace of the daroga. Alzamor would have ſhunned it, even as the envenomed tongue of the poiſonous ſerpent: he would have avoided it, for it contained the murderer of his peace. When they approached the abode of the governor, he turned away his head with an emotion of horror; but on a ſudden his ears were aſſailed by the moſt piercing cries; the palace echoed with groans, and the air was filled with the moſt mournful lamentations. In a moment lamps were kindled on the terrace *, giving notice to the inhabitants of Scamachi, that the

* A cuſtom in Perſia at the death of any perſon of rank.

daroga

daroga had that morning reſigned his breath at the call of the terrific angel, and had bidden a laſt adieu to the cares of the world.

A ſudden and indeſcribable emotion ſhot acroſs the heart of Alzamor: an involuntary ſigh eſcaped him—

"Ah!" ſaid he, "he is then no "more! The eyes of Nahor are cloſed "in the ſleep of ages. May the ſame "oblivion draw a veil over his offences! "So prays Alzamor. Yet, would that "I had never known him!—but the will "of our Prophet be obeyed! The laſt "pangs of the departed have been "ſharpened, alas! by the ſtings of "remorſe; and the agonies of death

"made more poignant by the upbraid-
"ing voice of conſcience. Perhaps the
"ſight of a betrayed friend haſtened his
"diſſolution. Alas, Alzamor! thou
"wert too cruel! thy reproaches, keen
"as the edge of the poliſhed fabre, cut
"him to the ſoul. Was he not old,
"and already enfeebled by ſorrow?
"Had not the tears of repentance left
"their traces on his aged cheek? Surely
"ſolitude has hardened a heart, once
"open to the entreaties of the miſera-
"ble. Alas! how imperfect are the
"ſons of men! how frail are the chil-
"dren of mortality! I reflected on him
"as the deſtroyer of my happineſs; I
"beheld before me the murderer of
"Azilé; reſentment ſteeled the heart
"of Alzamor, and pity entered not;
"rage

" rage inflamed his mind, and forgive-
" neſs could find no avenue to his
" breaſt!"

Calaf rode ſilently by the ſide of Alzamor, unwilling to interrupt, by his queſtions or remarks, the meditations in which he beheld him plunged. At length Alzamor addreſſed him as follows:

" Calaf! the ſcene which thou haſt
" contemplated has ſunk into thy ſoul;
" deep are impreſſions made on the ſoft
" mind of youth. Let not the fire of
" gaiety melt it from thy remembrance;
" but let it be to thee an example of the
" frailty of mankind, the inſtability of
" all human friendſhips. Had the aw-
" ful

"ful voice of Allah ſpoken unto me,
"and ſaid, Nahor, the friend of Alza-
"mor, ſhall be falſe, belief would
"ſcarcely have entered my heart."

"Virtuous Alzamor!" replied Calaf,
"even as the pebble cleaveth to the
"rock, ſo ſhall thy counſels adhere to
"the breaſt of Calaf. But ſurely, my
"father! all men are not as the trea-
"cherous Nahor, or even as the cruel
"Ibrahim? May not the inexperienced
"Calaf find out ſome friend who will
"not repay his confidence with guile?
"May he not diſcover ſome face, open
"and undiſſembling as is the purple
"turquois*, which changeth its com-

* To this ſtone is attributed the ſurpriſing quality of changing colour according to the health or temper of its wearer.

" plexion, even as do the heart and
" emotions of its wearer?"

" My ſon!" returned Alzamor, " va-
" rious as the hues which adorn the gay
" flowrets of the valley, are the hearts
" of mankind. Even as the inſects
" which ſport in the warm ſun-beam,
" are the children of mortality. Yon
" painted fly, which fluttereth its gilded
" wings upon the breeze, reſembles the
" ambitious omrah; the reptile, creep-
" ing in the cool ſhade of that odorife-
" rous lime, ſeems even as the man, who,
" quitting the crowded walks of life,
" finds ſhelter in the ſilent paths of
" quiet and repoſe: the ſcorpion, dart-
" ing its envenomed ſting at the unwary
" traveller, appeareth as that miſtaken

"mortal, who vainly ſeeks his own happi-
"neſs in the ruin of his fellow crea-
"tures: in the harmleſs ſnail, which
"ſtirreth not beyond the ſhelter of his
"narrow cell, I behold the pious her-
"mit, or retired derviſe. Even ſuch,
"and more numerous, are the purſuits
"of the ſons of Adam."

In this manner they proceeded ſlowly for the ſpace of ten days; in the courſe of that time they paſſed the rivers Kur and Aras*, but met with no accident worthy of relating till they arrived at

* Theſe rivers were anciently known by the names of the Cyrus and Araxes: they have their riſe in the mountains of Ararat, and run through Georgia, Schirvan, and Adirbeitzan.

the city of Caſwin *. Here Alzamor and Calaf agreed to ſeparate from the merchants, and, purſuing the direct road to Iſpahan, continued their journey alone. They took leave of the Armenians in the morning, and travelled ſo quick, that before the ſun had ceaſed to gild the horizon, they reached the foot of mount Elwent. Here Alzamor determined to ſeek a ſhady covert, where he might pitch his tent, and reſt his tired limbs till the return of day: they ſoon diſcovered a place, where the thick branches of a ſpreading beech formed a refreſhing ſhade, and the gentle murmuring of a neighbouring caſcade, which glided along the rocks, lulled the weary traveller to repoſe.

* A town in the province of Irac Agem.

Calaf,

Calaf, ſtrong and healthy as the young fawn, felt not fatigue: he viewed with pleaſure the verdant covering of the valley; he gazed with delight on the lofty rock, whoſe deep caverns ſeemed to offer a delightful ſecluſion, and whoſe ſummit ſhone with dew-drops, more brilliant than the brighteſt gems which lie buried in the hard boſom of the earth, and bid defiance to the glittering produce, dug with ſo much toil from the bowels of Golconda. Such were the contemplations of Calaf, as he climbed ~~alone~~ up the rugged ſide of the mountain: when he had reached the top, he gazed with wonder and aſtoniſhment on the vaſt tract of country which lay ſpread before him;—on one ſide, long uninhabited plains and ſandy de-

ferts, whoſe deſolate appearance would have thrown a gloomy and unintereſting air over the ſcene, had they not been bounded by lofty mountains, whoſe hoary tops ſeemed to pierce the yielding clouds, and look down with ſcorn on the inhabitants of the lower earth; whilſt the cities of Caſwin and Hamadan gave a pleaſing diverſity to the ſcene.

Calaf felt his heart ſwell within him; while his eyes, filled with tears, wandered inſenſibly towards the north. The cottage on the hills of Schirvan engroſſed his imagination; the Genius of the valley of Moran, and his adored houri, forcibly ſtruck upon his thoughts; whilſt the moon, gently riſing from be-

hind

hind the mountains, adding to the gloomy grandeur of the ſcene, contributed to inſpire his mind with ſublime and melancholy ideas.

"Ah!" cried he, "how ſmall a ſpace "does the peaceful, the lowly cottage "of Alzamor and his ſon occupy on the "vaſt globe which we inhabit! And "yet that ſmall, that humble ſpot, is "the utmoſt boundary of the wiſhes of "Calaf. Happy is the peaſant, whom "Alla has bleſſed with a frame fit for "labour, and a heart contented with "his lot! he fears not the envy of "mankind; he can look with calmneſs "on the rulers of the world; his ſoul "knoweth not the ſtings of diſappointed "ambition; his little field is to him a

" kingdom; he enjoys ſweet ſleep, the
" fruit of honeſt toil; and when Azräel
" ſhall call for him, the ſame earth
" which his hands have cultivated, ſhall
" ſerve as a cover for his bones: even
" as over-ripened corn falleth where it
" grows; ſo he, when his hair is whiten-
" ed by the hand of time, and ſucceed-
" ing years ſhall have ſcattered wrin-
" kles on his brow, ſhall drop into
" decay, even on the ſpot where he grew
" and flouriſhed. Few friends will la-
" ment his death; for few are the friends
" of poverty. The low-roofed cottage
" is ſeldom the abode of the flatterer
" and deceiver: no,—plain ſincerity,
" and guileleſs honeſty, are its inhabit-
" ants; and with ſuch be the dwelling
" of Calaf! But, alas! far other ſcenes

" is

" is he doomed to viſit! The royal pa-
" lace, the ſtately meydan, the gilded
" apartments of the great and affluent,
" muſt he ſeek; far from the protect-
" ing influence of his guardian Genius,
" from the ſmile of his beloved houri.
" But alas, Calaf! whither art thou
" wandering? Why wilt thou yield to
" the vain deluſions of a tranſient vi-
" ſion, the ſhort-lived phantom of a
" moment?"

Wrapped in meditation, his ears ſcarce caught the warning hiſſes of a poiſonous ſerpent, which had twiſted its tranſparent body in the branches of a tree, againſt which he leaned; when, ſuddenly ſeizing an opportunity, it darted from its concealment, and fixed its rank-

ling tooth in the arm of the unſuſpecting Calaf. Surpriſe and anguiſh for a moment deprived him of recollection; but preſently recovering himſelf, he drew his ſabre, and plunging it into the monſter's throat, it fell dead from the tree. Calaf, fainting with pain and loſs of blood, ſunk lifeleſs on the ground.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT was the diſtraction of Alzamor, when the dawn returned, without reſtoring to him his beloved Calaf!

"Alas!" cried he, "the ſavage "beaſts of the mountains have de-"voured him! The diſtant howling "of wolves came waſting on the "breeze: it whiſpered the murder of "Calaf. O ye deſtroyers! have ye "not ſcattered his limbs in the valley? "have ye not moiſtened the verdant "carpet with his blood? Why do ye "not haſten to the deſtruction of Al-

" zamor?—Go," continued he, turning to the rabdars, " go, ſeek ye the " ſcattered remains of Calaf: let them " not be expoſed to the burning force " of the ſun-beam; let them not be- " come a prey to the rapacious vulture."

The chief of the rabdars, touched by the grief in which he ſaw the venerable Alzamor overwhelmed, addreſſed him as follows:

" If my lord will liſten to the re- " monſtrance of one who doubteth not " to pour the balſam of conſolation in- " to his boſom; if he will deign to " lend a patient ear to the counſel of " his ſervant, he will not ſuffer his " mind to bow beneath the vain ſug-

" geſtions

"geſtions of cauſeleſs terror: he will
"not yield it a prey to uncertain fears.
"Even now the youth whom thou la-
"mentest may be gazing with delight
"on the wild cliffs of the mountain.
"May he not, led by the beauty of
"the ſcene, be exploring the deep
"glens of the valley? May not the
"angel of repoſe have ſhed his duſky
"wings over his eyelids? and may he
"not be enjoying, in the arms of ſleep,
"a pleaſing oblivion to the toils of the
"preceding day? Suffer us then,
"my lord, who live but as the ſlaves
"of thy pleaſure, to range the moun-
"tains, and reſtore to thy arms the be-
"loved cauſe of thy grief."

Alza-

Alzamor, almoſt ſinking beneath the ſorrow into which the abſence of his ſon had plunged him, anſwered not. He made a ſign for them to leave him; and retaining only three of the rabdars, retired to his tent.

The hand of deſpair had ſet its rugged mark on the brow of Alzamor: the bitter waters of ſorrow flowed in torrents from his eyes.

"Ah, mighty Allah!" cried he, with an agitated voice, "wherefore loadeſt "thou thy aged ſervant with afflic- "tions too heavy for his ſtrength? "The years of his life have been years "of mourning; the noon of his day "was

" was overcaſt with clouds; and ſhall
" his evening ſun go down in tears?
" Thy ſervant looked not for honours;
" he ſought only repoſe: but that
" thou haſt denied him: his head, ſil-
" vered by the froſts of adverſity,
" ſhrinks not from the blaſt of death;
" but thou haſt ſtricken the ſon of his
" boſom."

In the mean time Agib and the rab-dars, who went in ſearch of Calaf, arrived at the top of the mountain, where they beheld, with equal terror and aſtoniſhment, his ſabre lying in the [illegible] of the dead ſerpent. Agib, who no longer doubted but that his maſter, having received a wound from this reptile, had, unable to defend him-

himſelf, fallen a prey to the fury of wild beaſts, who had dragged him to their dens, as food for their young, began to tear his hair and utter the moſt piercing cries; while the rabdars, filled with horror, gazed on each other, irreſolute whether to purſue their ſearch, or return, and torture the already diſtracted heart of the miſerable Alzamor. At length, rouſing themſelves from the ſtate of inaction in which their fears had involved them, they determined to follow the tracks of blood, which led them down the ſide of the mountain. At length, they diſcovered a narrow path; and ſuddenly the ſound of a voice arreſted their attention: it ſeemed to proceed from the midſt of a grove of orange-trees, which caſt a charm-

charming ſhade from the piercing rays of the ſun, and delighted their ſenſes with the fragrance of a thouſand odoriferous plants.

"Alas!" cried the chief of the rabdars, ſtopping haſtily, in a tone of the utmoſt conſternation; "whence "are theſe ſounds? Whither are we "come? This is, without doubt, "the abode of a genius; and ſome "horrible fate will be the puniſhment "of our preſumption."

Struck with terror at the idea, they thought only of returning; when, juſt as they were preparing to depart, they were aſtoniſhed by the appearance of an old man, the fire of whoſe eyes

was

was extinguiſhed by the cold miſts of age, while the wrinkles on his brow were ſoftened by a ſmile of benevolence, and his white hair flowed gently on the breeze.

" My children!" cried he, leaning on his ſtaff, " whence come ye? and " whom do ye ſeek?"

" Ah, my lord!" ſaid Agib, throwing himſelf at his feet, " pardon the raſh- " neſs of thy ſervants, and regard not " thy ſlaves with an eye of diſpleaſure. " The men whom thou beholdeſt are " in ſearch of a beloved maſter. Alas! " the wild beaſts of the mountain have " devoured him; but what mouth is " that which ſhall declare the tidings

" to

"to his father? or who is he that
"ſhall wring the heart of the aged?
"His tongue ſhall be even as the ar-
"row which killeth whom it ſtrikes;
"and even as the poiſoned dart which
"rankleth in the wound, ſhall be the
"words of his mouth."

"My ſon!" replied the old man, with a ſmile of pleaſure, "ſoft as the "balmy gales of Arabia is the breath "of him who telleth of joy. Wel-"come to the ſoul of the afflicted, as "the freſh breeze of the morning, is the "meſſenger of peace! Sweet as the "warbling of the nightingale among "the roſes, is the voice of him who "bringeth comfort to the ſorrowful. "The lips of Abdallah ſhall be the re-

"porters

" porters of happineſs, and his mouth " ſhall declare the words of delight."

Then taking Agib by the hand, and beckoning the rabdars to follow him, he conducted them to his cave; where, with raviſhed eyes, they once more beheld the ſon of Alzamor. Filled with tranſport, they threw themſelves at his feet, and waked him from the ſlumber into which he was fallen: but, alas! the ruddy hue of health had fled from the cheek of Calaf; the diamond no longer ſparkled in his eye, the ruby was baniſhed from his lip.

Beauty, thou flower which withereth in the blaſt! why art thou deſired? Behold, the downy cheek of youth fades be-

beneath the touch of time: ſickneſs has cankered the opening bloſſom; the leaves of the roſe-bud ſhall cloſe beneath the ſhades of night, and all is vaniſhed. Behold, O ye children of mortality! how vain are your deſires! Go, ye ſons of men! open the ſepulchres of the dead; explore the dreary habitations: ſeek ye there the fairones ye have loved. But where are the eyes which dazzled your ſenſes? where are thoſe lips which ſpoke but of delight? Alas! Why ſhrink ye?—'Tis even thus; ye alſo ſhall fade! The bow ſhall lie unſtrung by the ſide of the hunter: no longer ſhall the voice of the warbler be wafted on the gale.

On

On waking from the ſwoon occaſioned by the bite of the ſerpent, Calaf believed himſelf in a dream, and that ſleep had once more miſled his thoughts into the wild regions of fancy. But, looking round, he perceived his dead foe lying in his blood, whilſt his own flowed copiouſly on the earth. Death now preſented itſelf to his view; and whilſt he looked down upon the world which he believed himſelf going to quit, a kind of regret glanced acroſs his mind.

" Ah!" cried he, with a faint voice, " what means this reluctance to retire " from a ſcene ſo often overcaſt by the " clouds of diſcontent? Or why ſhould " I grieve to quit a place where I have " ſpent

" ſpent but few years? and in thoſe
" few, little have I known the warm
" ſunſhine of proſperity. Why, then,
" ſhould I repine at the gracious
" will of the great Prophet? Have I
" not reflected on death with indiffe-
" rence? Have I not beheld it as the
" repoſe of the troubled mind, as a
" relief to the weary pilgrim?—But
" it was then at a diſtance.—Ah! why
" has it aſſumed new terrors; or where-
" fore is the heart of Calaf changed?
" Now it is near, I look on it with
" horror; when it was afar off, I
" thought of it with calmneſs. Alas,
" my father! ſoon will thy only hope
" lie cold upon the mountains; ſoon
" will the night of death cloſe up his
" eyelids; ſoon will the bleak winds

" of

" of the north howl over the corpſe of " Calaf: no more ſhall he inhale the " freſh breeze of the morning, no " more ſhall he pluck the blooming " roſe of the valley, wet with the dew " of evening; for the hand of the de- " ſtroyer is upon him, the ſcythe of " the angel of mortality mows him to " the earth."

While he ſpoke, the damp miſts of death ſeemed to hang over him: his ſenſes forſook him, and he once more fell motionleſs againſt a tree. When life again returned to him, he beheld himſelf in the arms of an aged man, whoſe tottering limbs ſeemed ſcarcely able to ſupport the weight with which kindneſs and humanity had loaded them.

them. Calaf could not ſpeak, but waited ſilently, and almoſt inſenſibly, till his venerable ſupporter, arriving at the foot of the mountain, laid him gently on a green bank, watered by a clear brook, and ſhaded by a little grove of orange-trees; who then, ſeating himſelf by his ſide, untwiſted the linen of his turban, and carefully tied up the wound, which had nearly ceaſed to bleed; having done ſo, he diſappeared before Calaf had time to recollect his ſcattered thoughts, and gather ſtrength ſufficient to expreſs his gratitude. He was not left long, however, to his own bewildered imagination. The good old man expeditiouſly returned, and brought with him a phial, the contents of which he poured down his throat; then, gazing eagerly on his

face, and finding that he breathed, and that a faint ray of animation began to glow upon his cheek, he claſped his hands together in a tranſport, while a tear of delight dropped from his aged eyes. "Bleſſed be the god of Zoro-"aſter *!" exclaimed he with a loud voice; "and thou, great luminary! "whoſe benignant rays inſpire the chil-"dren of mortality, and all things "which dwell upon the earth, with "light and gladneſs! be thou alſo "bleſſed for the returning life of this "young ſtranger!"

Calaf heard theſe ejaculations, which were pronounced in the Perſic or Gaur

* The prophet of the Gaurs.

language,

language, with ſurpriſe; and, unable to repreſs the emotions of gratitude which ſwelled within his boſom, he endeavoured, in faltering accents, to offer his acknowledgments to his unknown preſerver.

"Forbear, my ſon!" ſaid the venerable Gaur*, "forbear to exhauſt thy "little remains of ſtrength in undeſerved thanks to the inſtrument of thy "recovery. By Zoroaſter, thou ſhalt not "ſpeak of gratitude till the roſe of "health once more bluſhes on thy "cheek, and the ruby of Guzarat glows "upon thy lip. But come, young man! "the weak aſſiſtance my trembling age

* Followers of the ancient Perſian religion: commonly underſtood to be worſhippers of the ſun.

 "can

" can afford, is but a feeble ſtaff; ac-
" cept it, however; it will ſuffice to
" ſupport thee to my cell: and may the
" glorious Power, who ſheddeth his
" beams over the univerſe, hear the
" prayers of Abdallah! May he ſmile
" on his endeavours to complete thy
" cure!"

Then ſtriking into a narrow path, almoſt hid amongſt the orange-trees, they ſoon reached the cell of the Gaur. It was a low cavern, ſcooped in the rock, covered with jaſmine and ſweet-brier, which interwove their tender branches acroſs the little wicket, which was the only guard ſo humble an habitation required.

" Enter,

"Enter, my ſon!" ſaid the old man, "enter freely the dwelling of Abdallah. "It is not adorned with the marble of "Taurus: its walls are not decked with "the paintings of Many*: yet do not "heſitate, for Welcome opens the door, "and Hoſpitality is ready to receive "thee."

"Ah, my father!" anſwered Calaf, "the glowing cheek of true humanity is "more beautiful in the ſight of Calaf, "than the fine touches of a Many: and "ſuch thou poſſeſſeſt."

The hermit then opening the gate, they entered a ſmall, but neat apartment.

* A Perſian painter.

"Stranger!" ſaid Abdallah, "thou "art faint: repoſe thyſelf on this couch." Then throwing himſelf beſide him, he ſtripped down the ſleeve of his tunic, and covered the wound with an ointment, the charming ſcent of which ſpread the moſt refreſhing perfume through the cave; and the weary eyes of Calaf cloſing inſenſibly, he fell into a pleaſing ſlumber; the ſame in which he was found by the meſſengers of his father.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VIII.

"'GO, my children!" ſaid the Gaur, addreſſing himſelf to the rabdars; "haſte ye to breathe the words of con-"ſolation in the ears of the mourner."

Then having made a ſign for them to depart in ſilence, fearing leſt they ſhould diſturb the languid Calaf, they returned, full of gladneſs, to convey the tidings to Alzamor.

It was long ſince the ſoul of Alzamor had known the ſounds of joy: the ſoft touch of pleaſure was a ſtranger to his

heart; the rough ſtorms of adverſity had blighted the ſpring of his life; the clouds of grief had caſt a gloom over his mind: his autumn had glided away in the tranquil ſcenes of ſolitude, undiſturbed by the arrows of misfortune, unwarmed by the ſunbeam of delight: reflection had checked the wild tumult of his paſſions; but, alas! they were not ſubdued: they were ſuppreſſed by the wiſdom of age; but they were ſtill unconquered: the icy hand of ſorrow drove him to deſpair, while his heart beat at the voice of joy. But who ſhall expreſs the tranſport which glowed within his boſom, when, conducted by the rahdars, he arrived at the cavern of Abdallah! The ſage dictates of experience were no longer obeyed: the cool

cool precepts of prudence were heard no more. Alzamor, the grave, the venerable Alzamor, overcome by the contending emotions which ſtrove within his ſoul, no longer able to ſupport himſelf, ruſhed into the cave, and fell breathleſs by the ſide of his beloved Calaf. At length, recovering from the ſwoon into which the violence of his agitation had thrown him, and turning to the good Abdallah, he addreſſed him as follows:

"Hearken, O virtuous ſage! to the "voice of Alzamor, and let not the "words of his mouth be uttered in vain. "The voice of the worldling is even as "the empty ſound of the evening breeze "fluttering among the branches, which, "when it is departed, leaveth not a

" mark. It is even as a damſel playing
" on the lute; it ſooths the ſoul of the
" hearer, but when it ceaſeth, there
" remaineth no veſtige thereof. But
" the lips of Alzamor are the ſlaves of
" his heart: they would ſhow to thee a
" breaſt ſwollen with gratitude; but,
" alas! they cannot: feebly do they
" expreſs the feelings of the ſoul: faintly
" do they paint the warm ſentiments of
" the mind."

" Venerable Alzamor!" ſaid the Gaur,
" ceaſe to load the head of Abdallah
" with undeſerved thanks; ceaſe to
" overwhelm him with acknowledg-
" ments of which he is unworthy. Look
" upon the countenance of thy ſon, and
" tell me, O Alzamor! what man is
" that

" that who beareth in his breaſt a hu-
" man heart, who could refuſe aſſiſt-
" ance to the diſtreſſes of Calaf?"

The eyes of Alzamor ſhone with pleaſure; and the pale cheek of Calaf was for a moment enlivened by a bluſh of confuſion.

" Many years," ſaid the Gaur, purſuing his diſcourſe, " many years of
" ſilent ſecluſion have marked their pro-
" greſs on the brow of the aged Abdal-
" lah; and ſeldom has the voice of man
" interrupted the ſtillneſs of his repoſe.
" The world ſtill floats upon his me-
" mory like unto the duſky images of a
" morning dream: its buſtling crowds
" ſeem hid in the thick miſts of time.

" The heart of Abdallah, long occupied
" by the busy scenes of life, is now be-
" come a blank: the passions which
" swayed it have long been buried in
" the cold grave of indifference; dead
" to the allurements of prosperity, in-
" sensible to the voice of grief."

" Alas!" cried Alzamor, " thou
" hast, doubtless, been driven from the
" world by the scourge of adversity; and,
" like Alzamor, retired from the scene,
" sick of its sorrows and disappoint-
" ments."

" Sage Muffulman!" replied the Gaur,
" the enjoyments of life courted the ac-
" ceptance of Abdallah: its most envied
" possessions presented themselves to
" his

" his view; but even as the coward
" ſhrinketh from the loud call of the
" brazen trumpet, ſo fainted the ſoul of
" Abdallah at the ſoft voice of pleaſure:
" he fled from it even as the traveller
" fleeth from the cry of the crocodile.
" Yet the ear of Abdallah once liſtened
" with tranſport to the ſong of joy;
" his eye once dwelt enraptured on the
" charms of beauty: but the noon-day
" of life has paſſed over his head, and
" the glimmering ſhades of twilight
" ſhall ſoon cloſe upon his eyes, and all
" ſhall be enveloped in the clouds of
" night."

Then leaving his gueſts for a moment, he returned, bringing in his hand a baſket filled with the wild fruits which flou-

flouriſhed abundantly round his little cottage; and a flaggon full of the cleareſt water.

"My friends!" cried he, "the perverted taſte of luxury would turn with diſdain from the ſimple repaſt of Abdallah; the eye of the voluptuary would view with pity his frugal fare; but danger lieth hid within the ſparkling goblet; and among the rich viands which heap the tables of Intemperance, is concealed the pale and bloated viſage of Diſeaſe."

Alzamor partook, with appetite, of the refreſhment ſet before him by the hoſpitable Abdallah, and having devoutly

voutly pronounced the bizmillah*, entreated his hoſt to favour him with the relation of thoſe adventures which had ended in his choice of a ſolitude ſo remote from the buſy cares of life.

"If," returned the Gaur, "the "events which mark the hiſtory of Ab-"dallah can give pleaſure to his friends, "they ſhall be laid open before them. "The incidents which occur in the moſt "unchequered ſcenes of life muſt be "productive of inſtruction to the mind "of youth; but Abdallah launched his "little bark upon a ſea whoſe waves "were for ever fluctuating under the "winds of viciſſitude. The veſſel of

* The grace uſed by Perſians before meals.

"his

" his hopes was wrecked upon the rocks
" of diſappointment. May he not then
" flatter himſelf that his ſorrows will,
" at leaſt, procure for him an intereſt
" in the hearts of the compaſſionate?
" But as the ocean which laſheth the
" ſhore with its billows, ſweepeth away
" the frail characters engraven on the
" ſand; even ſo has the overwhelming
" tide of time obliterated every trace of
" grief in the boſom of Abdallah.

" The eyes of thy ſervant firſt opened
" on the world in a pleaſant plain, on
" the borders of the river Hindemend,
" in the province of Sigiſtan. Far from
" the dwellings of pride and diſſipation
" was the cottage of Horeb, the fiſher-
" man, who gave birth to Abdallah.

" 'Tis

"'Tis true, the humble lot of Horeb was "unmarked by the uplifted eyes of af-"fluence, which caſteth not a glance "upon the ground; but his hut was "bleſſed by the preſence of cheerfulneſs, "and contentment ſmiled upon his "toils; for the ſoul of the lowly is the "manſion of happineſs; and the breaſt "of the peaſant, the abode of ſimple "joys.

"The good Horeb was the father of "three ſons, the youngeſt of whom is "now before you; and thoſe, and the "Prophet whom he worſhipped, di-"vided his affections: unlearned in the "book of knowledge, his ideas were "confined; he liſtened to the diſcourſes

"of

" of the mollahs * with devotion, nor suf-
" fered his thoughts to wander beyond
" their tenets. Reason lay dormant
" and shackled by the heavy chains of
" superstition; and contented with fol-
" lowing the dictates of an honest
" mind, he sought not to rescue that
" mind from the dark mazes of ignorance
" in which it was involved."

"Hold, Abdallah!" cried the aged Alzamor; "fill not the ears of thy
" guests with the words of impiety, nor
" provoke the man whom thy hand has
" blessed, to repay with curses the de-
" liverer of his son: oblige him not to
" load thee with imprecations in return

* Mahometan priests.

" for

" for the benefits thou haſt heaped upon
" him. How is it, O great Prophet!
" that an idolater, an unbeliever of thy
" ſacred word, ſhould poſſeſs a ſoul
" glowing with kindneſs for his fellow-
" creatures?"

" My lord!" replied the Gaur, ſmiling placidly on Alzamor, whoſe face was overcaſt by the gloom of anger and diſtreſs, " grieve not for the words of
" thy ſervant, nor ſuffer the fierce-
" neſs of wrath to get dominion over
" thee. The faith of Abdallah teacheth
" peace, and ſmootheth the frown of
" rage: its ſimple dictates whiſper ſoft
" to the ſoul as the evening zephyr, or
" the gentle ſlumbers of the innocent."

" Forgive,

"Forgive, O Abdallah!" ſaid Alzamor, whoſe countenance, like the moon, breaking forth from the heavy clouds of night, was once more animated by the rays of good humour; "forgive the impetuous zeal which "taught the voice of Alzamor to breathe "the accents of violence againſt his be"nefactor. Proceed, in peace, to re"late the hiſtory of thy life, and never "more ſhall the voice of diſcord inter"rupt the harmony of our hearts."

"Sweet," returned the Gaur, "as perfumed gales wafted from a garden of "roſes, is the breath of reconcilement. "When fourteen years had rolled in "quiet ſucceſſion over the youthful "brow of Abdallah, unmarked by any

"trouble,

" trouble, unruffled by any ſtorm, calm
" as the unclouded evening of a ſum-
" mer's day, Grief had not intruded on
" our childiſh ſports and wholeſome
" toil: her ruthleſs form had never vi-
" ſited the hut of Horeb: when, one
" hapleſs night, as our father had ven-
" tured forth, in ſpite of the rude blow-
" ing of a ſtormy wind, my two brothers
" and myſelf, whom he had forbidden
" to participate in his danger, ſtood on
" the borders of the river, waiting his
" return in anxious uncertainty. The
" ſky was veiled in darkneſs, the blaſt
" ſwept wild acroſs the water, and the
" blue forked lightning, which gleamed
" upon the waves, diſcovered to our af-
" frighted eyes the full horror of the
" ſcene. But vainly did the ſons of

" Horeb

" Horeb ſeek the bark of their father;
" vainly did their ears wait the daſhing
" of his oars: his oars lay floating on
" the waves; but, alas! the hand which
" guided them was loſt for ever. The
" morning blew freſh along the plain;
" the rage of the ſtorm was allayed, its
" anger ſubſided, and it ſeemed to
" mourn the effects of its violence in
" hollow moanings through the dripping
" trees. The empty ſhattered bark of
" our loſt father was driven by the
" winds into that part of the river where
" we ſtood beating our breaſts, and
" calling on Mahomet to reſtore him to
" us in ſafety; but his eyes were cloſed
" in the ſleep of ages: the ſtream of
" life had ceaſed to flow. The hand of
" time had not frozen his heart; he was

" in

" in the noon of his day: the morning
" ſaw him freſh as the pine in the foreſts
" of Kedar, but ere the evening he was
" hewn down; he lay extended on the
" ground."

" Ah!" cried Alzamor, " even as
" the faint light of an expiring lamp, is
" the life of the ſons of men; it ſhineth
" with brightneſs for an hour; but,
" alas! on the morrow its oil is waſted,
" its flame is extinguiſhed."

" Having ſpent three days," renewed Abdallah, " in faſting, and unavailing
" ſorrow for the death of the good Ho-
" reb, my two brothers began to con-
" ſider in what manner we ſhould pro-
" cure a ſubſiſtence for the remainder of
" our

" our lives. As for thy ſervant, though
" Heaven had given him a frame fit for
" the toilſome ſcenes of life, and Health
" had printed her bloom upon his cheek,
" yet his heart beat not with the active
" ſpirit of youth: indolence had caſt a
" weight over his mind: his ſoul burnt
" not with the glowing ſparks of am-
" bition, and he ſought only to ſpend
" his days on the banks of the ſtream
" where his eyes firſt opened on the
" light. With ſuch a mind was Ab-
" dallah doomed to roam through diſ-
" tant countries, and to buffet amongſt
" ſtrangers with the injuries of the
" world."

CHAP-

CHAPTER IX.

"ON the morning of the fourth day "after that fatal one which had robbed "us of our father," continued Abdallah, "before I had riſen from my "couch, my two brothers, who knew "not that I was yet awake, began a "diſcourſe, which froze the blood of "thy ſervant like the cold hand of the "angel of death. Achmet the eldeſt "ſpoke as follows:

"'Why, O Mohammed! ſhould "the ſons of Horeb continue to waſte "their youth in ſloth and inexperience?

" How long ſhall the lion ſlumber in
" his den? How long ſhall the wolf
" lie crouching in the valley? Behold,
" the winds ſhall bear on their wings
" the arrows of Achmet, and the ſhafts
" from his bow ſhall drink the blood
" of his foes. Henceforth the travel-
" ler of the deſert ſhall be the foe of
" Achmet, and the ſpoils which he
" bears ſhall glitter in the hand of thy
" brother.'

" ' Achmet!' returned Mohammed,
" ' let the hearts of the children of Ho-
" reb be as the heart of one man. We
" will ſing the ſong of death in the
" deſert of Sigiſtan; we will breathe
" the words of deſtruction in the ears
" of the pilgrim. But ſay, O Achmet!

" ſhall

" ſhall the lazy arm of the coward Ab-
" dallah be lifted in deeds of glory? or
" ſhall we for ever cloſe the eyes of the
" ſluggard, and beſtow on him that
" quiet of which he is ſo fond?'

" 'Hear me, O my brother!' an-
" ſwered Achmet. 'This night will I
" ſell to the neighbouring fiſhers this
" hut and the bark of our father Ho-
" reb; which will procure for us at
" the leaſt five dinaras: and before the
" morning dawns upon the earth, with
" thy aid, O Mohammed! I will carry
" the ſleeping Abdallah to the river,
" and plunge his body in the ſtream.'

" Judge, if it be poſſible, O Alza-
" mor! of the terror and deſpair which

 " ſeized

" ſeized upon the ſoul of Abdallah!
" Unacquainted with the world, my
" brothers were the only beings in the
" whole univerſe on whom I had taught
" myſelf to look for ſupport and aſſiſt-
" ance in its rugged paths. On ven-
" turing to caſt my eyes through the
" curtains, which were drawn round
" my couch, I perceived that Achmet
" and Mohammed had quitted the cot-
" tage. Courage, which had fainted
" within me, now began to revive;
" and, throwing myſelf on the ground,
" I called, in a tone of grief, on the
" Prophet of my father—' O Maho-
" met! if it be thy will that thy ſervant
" ſhall this night be driven among the
" ſhades of death by the hands of his
" brethren—lo! it is done at thy
" word

" word the breath of his life is even as
" the ſmoke which diſperſeth in the
" air, and is ſeen no more. But if
" thou haſt decreed his eſcape, is he
" not ſafe in the cave of the robber as
" in the palace of the Shah?' Then,
" riſing, I performed the ablution;
" and finding my heart lighter, I began
" calmly to conſider the means of deli-
" verance from the cruel hands of my
" treacherous brothers. I walked to
" and fro on the banks of the river;
" and the reſplendent beams of the ſun
" gave an air of cheerfulneſs to all
" around, which ſeemed to inſpire my
" heart with an activity hitherto un-
" known to it. The birds warbled in
" the groves, the air was perfumed
" with flowers: in ſhort, O Alazmor!

" the mind of Abdallah was ſo per-
" fectly in uniſon with the ſcene, that
" he was but little diſpoſed to quit it
" for the dark abyſſes of the grave.—
" 'What!' ſaid I to myſelf, 'ſhall Ab-
" dallah preſent his breaſt to the knife
" of the murderer? ſhall he bend as a
" lamb to the ſtroke of the butcher?
" No; let him exert his ſtrength in
" preſerving that life which Heaven has
" given him.' Then, caſting my eyes
" on our little fiſhing-boat, which lay
" tied to a tree that grew from the
" bank, Providence inſpired me with
" a thought to which I owed my pre-
" ſervation. Every moment was now
" more precious than gold in the ſight
" of Abdallah. I flew home; and
" finding that my brothers were not

" yet

" yet returned, made uſe of their ab-
" ſence in filling a ſmall baſket with
" rice and fruits. This, together with
" my bow and arrows, I carried cau-
" tiouſly, and hid among the graſs un-
" der the tree to which the boat was
" tied. Then, once more returning to
" my cottage, I lay down upon my
" couch, and waited in ſilence the re-
" turn of my brothers. At length,
" Achmet and Mohammed entered the
" apartment; and the former, draw-
" ing my curtains, ſaid, with an air of
" kindneſs—

" How is it, O Abdallah! that thou
" haſt not yet riſen, and ſhared with
" thy brothers in the toil of the morn-
" ings?" Then, obſerving the paleneſs

" which overſpread my countenance—
" 'Alas!' reſumed he, 'I fear ſick-
" neſs has ſeized thee, and that thou
" wilt fall a prey to ſome cruel diſeaſe.
" O Mahomet! is it not enough that
" thou haſt torn from us a father, who
" was the guide, the protector of our
" youth, but thou wilt alſo deprive us
" of our beloved Abdallah, who is in
" our hearts as a ſon?'

" Conceive, O Alzumor! the indig-
" nation I felt at that moment. But it
" was now my turn to diſſemble. 'Ah,
" my brother!' cried I, 'grieve not for
" the ſickneſs of Abdallah, nor ſuffer
" thy ſoul to feel diſquiet. I will re-
" main in ſilence, and give this day to
" repoſe, and doubt not that the morn-

" ing

" ing ſhall ſee me healthy as the young
" kid on the dewy borders of the Hin-
" demend.' Then, drawing the cur-
" tains cloſe, and complaining of the
" light, I entreated them to leave me.
" Terror and ſuſpenſe had indeed diſor-
" dered the frame of Abdallah; a trem-
" bling pervaded his limbs, and a cold
" dew dropped from his forehead.
" Mad with impatience, I waited in
" agony for the approach of evening.
" At length, the wiſhed-for hour of
" darkneſs arrived. My brothers were
" abſent; and, with a beating heart, I
" ſprang from my couch, and gently
" opening the door, flew like lightning
" to the banks of the river.

"I got into the boat; and, having "cut the rope which tied it, with a "knife which I carried in my belt, bade "an eternal adieu to the place of my "birth. But the fears of Abdallah "were ſtill alive; the river was not "broad; his brothers might have re-"turned, and diſcovered his flight; or "the fiſherman, to whom they had "ſold the boat, might purſue the "wretched Abdallah as a thief. At "length, having got into the middle "of the ſtream, I began to take "breath: the moon played upon the "water; I liſtened attentively; a deep "ſtillneſs prevailed. Finding that I "was not purſued, I began to row with "more confidence; and it was not long

"be-

"before I reached the oppoſite bank.—
"Ah! ſaid I to myſelf, as I leaped
"from the boat, hadſt thou not known
"the torture of fear, the tranſport of
"this moment had been a ſtranger to
"thy heart. But it was not yet time
"to reſt ſecure. I ſat down for a mo-
"ment on the ground; and having
"eaten of the rice and fruits which my
"baſket afforded, and finding my
"ſtrength and ſpirits return, I conti-
"nued my journey, and walking with
"ſpeed, I was ſoon out of ſight of the
"river. The firſt rays of morning
"found me in a verdant plain, bound-
"ed in my front, as far as the eye could
"reach, by lofty mountains: on each
"ſide I could diſcover nothing but flat
"ground, ſometimes interrupted by a

" few trees. Towards the mountains,
" therefore, I continued to bend my
" steps, till the approach of evening;
" when, weary with heat, fatigue, and
" violent thirst, I sank upon the ground,
" unable to proceed. Heaven, who
" forsaketh not the innocent, suffered
" not the fainting Abdallah to perish in
" this moment of despondence. Lift-
" ing my head from the ground, I saw,
" at a small distance, a cocoa-tree, the
" top of which was loaded with fruit.
" I rose immediately, despairing, how-
" ever, to reach the object of my
" wishes, the sight of which rendered
" my thirst insupportable: when, to
" my infinite joy, I discovered a cocoa-
" nut which had fallen among the
" grass. Sixty years of toil and vicissi-

"could have not erased the ſenſations of
"that moment from the heart of Ab-
"dallah. Gracious as is the pardon of
"his ſovereign to a condemned ſlave,
"was the cooling draught to the
"parched lips of the weary traveller.
"Life and vigour were now once
"more revived within my breaſt; and I
"hoped, with the aid of Providence,
"to reach the mountains before the
"night had thrown her ſable veil over
"the heavens. Fear, that ſcourge to
"the mind of man, that phantom
"which had tormented the ſoul of Ab-
"dallah from the banks of the Hinde-
"mend, had quitted its purſuit; and
"before the ſleepy eyes of twilight had
"cloſed upon the world, I arrived, ex-
"hauſted with wearineſs, at the foot of

"the

"the mountains: the hand of heavi-
"neſs had ſet its ſeal upon the eyelids
"of Abdallah. He yielded up his
"ſenſes to the dominion of repoſe.
"The golden rays of the ſun had
"crowned the mountains with bright-
"neſs, ere the ſluggard Abdallah had
"taken off the power of ſleep. Slum-
"ber had refreſhed my ſoul, and I re-
"took my journey with cheerfulneſs
"and delight. Happineſs, that viſion-
"ary form which loves to ſport with
"the imaginations of youth, even as
"the lightning playeth on the waters,
"now flaſhed before the ſight of Ab-
"dallah. Ah! ſaid I to myſelf,
"thou canſt no longer repine. The
"hand of the mighty Allah is thy pro-
"tector. 'Tis true, thou canſt not call

"one

" one being in the world thy friend,
" but no one will hurt thee; the ſer-
" pent envy caſteth not its venom on
" the deſolate and forſaken; and what
" ſpoils have the pilgrim and the wan-
" derer, to provoke the hand of the
" robber? Storms and ſunſhine ſuc-
" ceed each other in the lives of man-
" kind. The tempeſt has blown over
" the head of Abdallah; and as the
" gentle reed by the ſide of the brook,
" he bent beneath the blaſt, but is ſtill
" unbroken."

" Such were the meditations which
" engroſſed the mind of thy ſervant,
" when he found himſelf at length on
" the ſummit of the mountain. Stop-
" ping for a moment, I gazed around;

" and

" and even as the man who hath lain
" chained to his couch by the iron hand
" of diſeaſe, and taſteth again the cool-
" ing breeze, and vieweth once more
" the murmuring ſtream, the verdant
" plain, was the heart of the ſon of
" Horeb, when he beheld, at the foot
" of the mountain, a ſmall and ſequeſ-
" tered cottage, reſembling that in
" which he had ſeen ſo many days of
" peaceful ſolitude.

" Twice had the moon diſplayed her
" ſilver lamp to the weary eyes of Ab-
" dallah, ſince they had beheld the face
" of man. 'Alas!' ſaid I, 'wherefore
" does thy heart ſigh after the abodes of
" the ſons of men, even as the pant-
" ing ſtag, eſcaped in the heat of noon

" from

"from the dart of the hunter, ſeeketh "for the running ſtream? Why doſt "thou not flee from them, as from the "haunts of the lion? Haſt thou not "found them ſubtle as the ſcaly croco- "dile, and ravenous as the hyena, who "ſeeketh his prey among the ſepulchres, "and devoureth the bodies of the "dead? Yet thou art even as the flut- "tering moth which fingeth its wings "in the flame, yet, lured by its bright- "neſs, hovereth ſtill around the daz- "zling miſchief."

"But the breaſt of youth ſtill heav- "eth for the ſocial intercourſe of life; "and light as the wings of the lark, "ſailing on the boſom of the air, did "the feet of the delighted Abdallah

"con-

" convey him down the ſide of the
" mountain. Approaching ſoftly to-
" wards the door of the cottage, I
" perceived an old man ſitting on the
" graſs: he held in his hand a caalean;
" and the ſimplicity of his dreſs, and
" the placid ſerenity of his counte-
" nance, diſcovered to my inquiring
" eyes the humble ſphere in which he
" moved. At his feet ran a glaſſy rivu-
" let, which, daſhing over the uneven
" ſtones with which it was lined,
" formed a murmuring caſcade; he ſat
" under a ſpreading beech, the luxuri-
" ant branches of which waved over
" his little cottage, and afforded him a
" cool and delightful ſhade; while the
" mild beams of the ſetting ſun gave
" a ſoft glow to the dark green ver-
" dure "

" duse of the valley, and ſpread an air
" of retired contentment over the ſcene.
" With what awful admiration do the
" calm beauties of ſimple nature inſpire
" the ingenuous mind of youth!—
" 'Ah!' cried I, with tranſport, 'here
" then, Abdallah, thou art ſafe. Here
" no boiſterous paſſions dare intrude:
" peace and innocence are the only in-
" habitants of this beauteous vale. The
" freſh bloom of the roſe here fadeth
" not beneath the withering ſcowl of
" malice; and the tongue of guile,
" poiſonous as the infected breath of
" the galbud ſamur *, here faints not

* Poiſoner of the winds—a ſhrub found in the deſerts of Caramania, ſuppoſed by ſome to be the occaſion of thoſe noxious winds which blow in that province during the hot ſeaſon.

"the perfumed breeze.' With reve-
"rence I preſented myſelf to the eyes
"of the aged man, who ſeemed to be
"maſter of the cottage before which he
"ſat; and having ſaluted him reſpect-
"fully, 'My father!' ſaid I, 'wilt thou
"deign to afford aſſiſtance to a weary
"traveller, who has wandered alone
"along the plains from the banks of
"the river Hindemend, and, fatigued
"with aſcending this lofty mountain,
"entreats thee to beſtow on him the re-
"freſhment of reſt and food?'

"The old man, lifting his eyes from
"the ground, on which they were
"fixed, gazed on me for ſome time,
"with a look of ſurpriſe. At length,
"taking his caalean from his lips—

"'My

" ' My ſon !' ſaid he, ' thou art wel-
" come; for never was the door of
" Haſſan ſhut againſt the foot of the
" weary.' He then made me a ſign to
" ſit down by him, with which I com-
" plied; and having related to him the
" ſtory of my misfortunes, he told me,
" in return, that he was an aged pea-
" ſant, who had ſpent his long life in
" that retired valley; that he had many
" children, who lived with him, and
" had relieved him from thoſe toilſome
" occupations which the enfeebling
" hand of age rendered him no longer
" able to perform.

" ' You are now,' ſaid he, ' on the
" confines of the kingdom of Haïcan,
" which forms a part of the mighty

" em-

"empire of Mogulſtan, and about "twenty days journey from the river "Indus."

"Scarcely had he finiſhed, ere he "was ſurrounded by ſeveral young "men and women, who had been "planting rice * in an adjoining field.

"In good time are ye come, my "children!' ſaid the venerable Haſſan; "ye ſhall aſſiſt your father to entertain "a tired ſtranger, whoſe deſtiny has "brought him from the plains beyond "the Hindemend, to ſeek for reſt in "the lowly cottage of Haſſan."

* Rice is firſt ſown in beds, and when it is grown the height of half a foot it is tranſplanted.

"Smiles

" Smiles of cheerfulneſs animated
" every face as they welcomed the ſon
" of Horeb to the valley of Amharan.
" —Then entering the cottage, they
" brought from thence dates, oranges,
" and pomegranates, with water drawn
" from the cryſtal rivulet which glided
" at our feet; and placing themſelves
" in a circle on the graſs, partook, with
" cheerfulneſs, of the food which na-
" ture had ſo bounteouſly provided for
" them. Having eaten of the delicious
" fruits which compoſed his ſupper,
" Haſſan recounted to his children the
" cauſe of my quitting my native pro-
" vince, and wandering alone beyond
" the boundaries of the kingdom of
" Perſia. Every eye was wet with the
" tear of compaſſion, every boſom

" heaved with ſorrow for the misfor-
" tunes of Abdallah. Struck by the
" air of ſympathy impreſſed upon the
" countenances of theſe hoſpitable pea-
" ſants, the vivacity which glowed
" within the breaſt of the ſon of Ho-
" reb, at the firſt view of their felicity,
" fled, leaving it the abode of the
" deepeſt melancholy.

" ' Ah, my ſon !' ſaid the good Haſ-
" ſan, ' let not the vulture grief prey
" upon thine heart; let not the hand
" of affliction weigh heavy on thy
" ſoul. Lo! the morning ſaw the
" clouds hang thick on the tops of the
" hills, but the bright beams of the
" ſun diſpelled the threatening gloom;
" day broke forth in its glory upon the

"mountains, and mild as the gentle
"whiſpers of the virgin, does the
"evening zephyr ſigh among the
"branches. O Allah! thus may the
"ray of happineſs ſhine upon the life
"of the ſon of Horeb!'

"'Ah, my father!' returned I, 'I
"preſume not to repine: the barren
"plain of misfortune is beaten by the
"foot of many a traveller; and why
"ſhould Abdallah murmur to traverſe
"the dreary waſte? Many are the
"children of adverſity; and who is
"the ſon of Horeb, that he ſhould
"groan beneath the burden which the
"hand of Allah deſtines him to bear?'
"Then entering the cottage, the balmy
"dews of ſlumber ſoon fell upon the

" eyes of the aged Haſſan and his
" children; but that mild, that gentle
" power, contendeth not with the rug-
" ged arm of affliction; far it flies
" from the frown of grief, to the quiet
" manſions of content and peace.
" The reſtleſs Abdallah threw himſelf
" on a couch, but, alas! he ſlept not;
" for, thick as the dark waves of the
" troubled ocean, did images of horror
" float upon his ſenſes. Fatigued with
" counting the tedious minutes, I aroſe,
" and, gently opening the door, the
" murmuring of the rivulet ſeemed to
" invite my ſteps to preſs its dewy mar-
" gin; while its daſhing ſound, which
" echoed through the mountains, ſeem-
" ed, in gentle accents, to ſooth the
" anguiſh of my heart: nor was this

" the

" the only muſic which warbled ſoft on
" the ear of Abdallah. The plaintive
" tones of the lonely chantreſs of night
" were wafted in mournful notes upon
" the breeze, and ſeemed as the voice
" of ſympathy to his penſive ſoul.
" Sleep now ſtole upon my ſenſes;
" but the day had not ſhed its golden
" beams upon the earth, ere it with-
" drew its weight from my eyes, leaving
" me much refreſhed from my toilſome
" journey, and rendering me able to
" proceed on my way toward the king-
" dom of Haican. I aroſe, and bent
" my ſteps to the door of the cottage;
" where I perceived the good Haſſan,
" and Mirzan, the eldeſt of his chil-
" dren, who were wondering at the
" abſence of the ſtranger.

 " ' Ah,

"'Ah, my ſon!' ſaid the old man, "with an air of kindneſs, mingled "with melancholy, 'how glad am I to "behold the ſmile of content once "more adorn thy face! But, alas! "the aged Haſſan muſt prepare to "meet the ſtorms of grief. Behold, "he muſt be even as the cedar of the "foreſt, whoſe branches are lopped "away by the deſtroying axe of the "woodman, and being only a with-"ered, decaying trunk, falls unheeded "to the ground. For thee, Abdallah, "thou art young, and canſt bear up "againſt misfortune; but the ſtrength "of Haſſan is fled with his youth, "and he muſt ſink beneath the preſſure "of deſpair.'

"Then

"Then beating his breaſt, and throw-
"ing himſelf on the earth, he ſeemed
"loſt in the deepeſt ſadneſs. The eyes
"of his children, who were now aſſem-
"bled round him, were filled with tears,
"all but the obdurate Mirzan, whoſe
"flinty heart felt not the ſoft touch of
"pity, and was a ſtranger to the ſtings
"of remorſe. For a moment I ſtood
"loſt in ſpeechleſs aſtoniſhment. At
"length recovering my recollection,
"'My father, my kind hoſt!' cried I,
"'why art thou afflicted? can Sorrow
"rear her hideous front in the beauteous
"ſolitude of Amharan? and what
"wretch has the cruelty to plant
"the thorn of grief in the boſom
"of contentment?' At theſe words,
"gazing with a look of the ſterneſt re-

" ſentment on the unaltered viſage of
" Mirzan, the old man ſaid, with a
" ſigh, which pierced me to the ſoul,
" 'The wretch who has wrung the
" heart of Haſſan, is his ſon. From his
" youth,' continued he, 'even until now,
" has Haſſan ſpent his peaceful days in
" this retirement, ignorant of the ways
" of men: but better had it been to
" ſuffer from the treachery of ſtrangers,
" than grieve for the perverſe cruelty of
" a beloved child.'

" 'Son of Horeb!' ſaid Mirzan, with
" a determined air, 'give ear to the
" words of my mouth, and attempt not
" to combat the reſolution of thy friend.
" That moment which beholds thy de-
" parture from the valley of Amharan,
" ſhall

" ſhall the eyes of Mirzan bid adieu to
" the cottage of his father. The quiet life
" of ſhepherds ſuits not with the reſtleſs
" ſpirit of Mirzan: the loud neighing
" of Arabian ſteeds; the lofty ſounds
" of the warlike trumpet, would be
" more ſoothing to his ſoul, than the
" mournful warblings of the bird of
" night: and rather would Mirzan ſeek
" his fortune in the moſt turbulent ſcenes
" of life, than ſuffer his youth to glide
" away in effeminate ſoftneſs.'

" 'O Prophet of the faithful!' cried
" I, 'what crime has darkened the
" ſhort exiſtence of Abdallah, that he
" muſt thus repay hoſpitality and kind-
" neſs by plunging a dagger into the
" boſom of his benefactor?'—'Grieve

 " not,

" not, Abdallah!' ſaid the good Haſſan,
" 'as ſoon mighteſt thou pretend to
" thaw with thy tears thoſe eternal
" ſnows which crown the brows of
" mount Caucaſus, as to melt the ſtern
" and unrelenting nature of Mirzan.
" Few men have ſeen ſo many cheerful
" days as the aged Haſſan; Happineſs
" has ſtill enlivened his retirement with
" her ſmiling face: but Peace preſides
" over the lowly cottage, and flies with
" horror from the tumultuous haunts of
" men.'

" 'Happineſs,' replied the youth, with
" a haughty ſmile, 'is not for Mirzan;
" his ſoul diſdains her allurements: he
" fears neither the rough ſtorms of fate,
" nor the dangerous wiles of the diſſem-
bler.

" bler. Let then the tempeſt beat in the
" ears of Mirzan; he recks it not: as
" the rock buffeted by waves ſhall he
" ſtand firm, and laugh at the loud
" winds, which in vain aſſail him. But
" for thee, my father! ſpend not thy
" feeble breath: as ſoon mighteſt thou
" entreat the cataract to ſuſpend its
" roaring, and liſten to thy voice, as
" bend the heart of the determined
" Mirzan. Farewell! and when Az-
" räel ſhall viſit thine abode, may his
" cold embrace be unto thee even as
" the ſoft ſlumber of the innocent
" babe!"

CHAPTER X.

"I TOOK leave of the good Haſſan "and his children with regret; and, ac- "companied by the unfeeling Mirzan, "began my journey in ſilence. The "ſoul of Abdallah ſhuddered at an in- "tercourſe with one, whoſe unmoiſ- "tened eyes diſcovered ſo plainly "the icy nature of his heart. I now "began to reflect on the uncertainty of "that power, which men of every age, "of every rank, and in every clime, "have ſpent their days in ſeeking: 'and "which,' cried I, 'O thou viſionary "form! which of thy votaries has poſ-

"ſeſſed

" ſeſſed thy ſmiles? What man is that,
" whoſe life has been one continual ſun-
" ſhine, and who can ſay from his heart,
" thy exiſtence is real?' I pronounced
" theſe words aloud, without perceiving
" the ſcrutinizing glances which my
" companion caſt upon my face.

" ' Son of Horeb!' ſaid he, with a
" ſmile, ' thou ſayeſt true; and thou
" mayeſt now be convinced, that hap-
" pineſs, that toy, for which mankind
" have ſo long fought in vain, is not
" confined to the cell of the anchorite,
" or the cottage of the peaſant, but
" eludes alike the graſp of all purſuers.'
" I anſwered only by a deep ſigh, and
" Mirzan continued: ' Attend to my
" voice, O Abdallah!' and my words

" ſhall inſtruct thee to obtain that, for
" which thou, with the reſt of the ſons
" of Adam, art for ever toiling. Be
" not the friend of any but thyſelf, nor
" ſuffer thine heart to be entwined in
" the ſilken bonds of amity: then ſhall
" not thy breaſt be pierced by the ſor-
" rows of others. There are few bo-
" ſoms in which evil hath not its abode;
" therefore truſt not the tongues of
" men: tread not in the deepeſt ver-
" dure, for there lurketh the adder, and
" thou ſhalt feel his tooth: if thou re-
" gardeſt not the ſmiles of men, then
" ſhalt thou not fear their frowns.
" When gall is in thine heart, let honey
" flow from thy lips; for thou diſſembleſt
" with thoſe who would deceive thee.
" I perceived that thou beheldeſt with
" ſur-

" ſurpriſe, the tranquil firmneſs which
" reigned in the countenance of Mirzan
" when he turned his ſteps from the
" valley which contained his kindred.
" But know, O Abdallah! I acknow-
" ledge no relation, I own no affection.
" What man is that who ſuffereth others
" to divide his heart, and can anſwer for
" its repoſe? The heart of Mirzan is
" his own; and he alone can pretend
" to happineſs, who can behold un-
" moved the deſtiny of others. Thou
" ſhalt ſee,' purſued he with an air of
" ſatisfaction, 'with what ſucceſs I have
" followed the tenets of my faith.' He
" then drew from his boſom a ſmall
" caſket, containing twenty ſequins, of
" which he had by ſtealth deprived his
" aged father. 'Gracious Allah!' cried

"

"I, ſhrinking with diſguſt, 'is it poſſi-
"ble that heaven can have formed a
"ſoul, unyielding as the ice which en-
"cruſts the brooks in the chilling re-
"gions of the north?'

"'Son of Horeb, thou art deceived!'
"ſaid Mirzan: 'the ice, to which thou
"compareſt the ſoul of Mirzan, will melt
"beneath the powerful beams of the
"ſun; ſteel will bend when heated by
"the hand of the workman: but the
"human heart riſes ſuperior to every
"power; remains unſubdued by every
"ſtroke; ſuch a one, at leaſt, as in-
"habits the breaſt of the ſon of Haſſan.'

"'Ah, Mirzan!' cried I, 'what
"crime has the world been guilty of
"to-

" towards thee, that thus thou directeſt
" thy vengeance againſt the whole race
" of thy fellow-creatures? Or how
" haſt thou acquired ſentiments, which
" ſhould only be found in breaſts long
" practiſed in the ſchool of vice?'

" 'Son of Horeb!' replied my com-
" panion, 'art thou yet to know, that
" the thiſtle requireth leſs culture
" than the vine; and that the nettle
" flouriſheth where the roſe bloometh
" not; that the noxious weed aſketh
" not the planter's care, but ſpringeth
" ſpontaneous in the deſert, and in the
" garden?'

" 'And is it poſſible,' ſaid I, 'that
" thou wouldſt rather poſſeſs the
" poiſon-

" poiſonous quality of the kerzebre *,
" than the ſoft perfume of the lily of
" the valley ?

" ' Fool !' cried Mirzan, ' doſt thou
" not perceive, that the gentle bloom of
" the flowret inviteth the rude hand of
" the ſpoiler; while the baleful breath of
" the kerzebre repulſeth the paſſenger,
" and preſerveth itſelf from deſtruction ?
" But let us not diſpute. Mirzan ſhall give
" thee proof, that even as the eagle, which
" gazeth with unaverted eyes on the
" glorious ſun, exceedeth the linnet in
" ſtrength, ſo ſhall the thoughts of his
" breaſt exceed thine in wiſdom.' He
" uttered theſe words with a ſmile,
" which contained a meaning, that the

* A poiſonous ſhrub.

" inex-

" inexperienced Abdallah could not
" penetrate.

" The ſun now retired behind the
" mountains, the face of the world
" aſſumed a duſky hue; and Mirzan
" and Abdallah, having partaken of the
" fruit with which the hoſpitable Haſ-
" ſan had repleniſhed their baſket,
" ſank in ſleep upon the graſs. The
" airy viſions, ſo apt to play round the
" brain of the unfortunate, and em-
" bitter the balm of repoſe, diſturbed
" not for this night the heavy ſlumber of
" Abdallah. The fatigue of the day
" had made the hard ground ſofter to
" his limbs, than is the bed of down to
" the enervate frame of princes.

" Morn-

" Morning being arrived, I was " awakened by the impetuous Mirzan, " and we once more ſet forth upon our " journey. After travelling in this man- " ner for four days, we arrived at the " town of Duchee *. As we approached " the gates, I obſerved the eyes of my " companion to ſparkle with delight, " while the heart of Abdallah fainted " within him.

" ' Ah, Mirzan !' cried I, ' what means " that emotion of joy, which enlightens " thy viſage; and why is thy cheek flushed " with pleaſure ? Doſt thou not deſpiſe " the ſons of men ? Wherefore, then, " art thou glad to enter the ſociety of a " race whom thou loveſt not ?'

* A town in the province of Haican.

" ' Know,

" 'Know, O ſon of Horeb!' replied " Mirzan, with a malignant ſmile, 'that " hatred, that paſſion ſo execrated by " the world, is capable of conveying " to the ſoul of the ſon of Haſſan, en- " joyments more exquiſite than the " moſt refined affection can beſtow; " and that there is more joy in infuſing " a fatal drug into the bowl of an ene- " my, than in preſſing to the heart a " beloved friend?'

" Perceiving that I ſhuddered with " horror as he ſpoke—

" 'Fear not, Abdallah!' continued " he; 'Mirzan means not to lift the " hand of violence againſt his brethren: " the poiſon he uſes will expend its

" venom

" venom on the mind. 'Tis flattery,
" which is more ſure in its effects than
" the moſt baleful plants which infect
" the plains of Macaſſar.'—As he pro-
" nounced theſe words, we entered the
" town of Daches. But conceive the
" aſtoniſhment of Abdallah, when look-
" ing on the countenance of my com-
" panion, I perceived that the malicious
" ſcowl, which ſo well expreſſed the
" deadly temper of his mind, had given
" place to an air of piety, more ſancti-
" fied than that of a faquir*, labouring
" under the moſt ſevere penance. His
" eyes were fixed upon the ground, and
" he appeared buried in profound
" thought. In this manner we ad-

* Prieſts who are maintained by begging, and held in great veneration by the Mahometans.

" vanced

"vanced ſlowly till we arrived in front "of a magnificent moſque, crowned "with a ſtately dome, at the corners of "which were four turrets, and in each "ſtood a mollah, who proclaimed in a "loud voice the call to prayers. 'Mir-"zan,' ſaid I, 'I will enter this moſque, "and give thanks to our Prophet for "the preſervation which he has hitherto "vouchſafed me, and implore his pro-"tection for the future.'

"'Do ſo,' replied Mirzan, with a "ſmile, 'and forget not the ſon of "Haſſan in thy prayers.'

"'How!' cried I, 'wilt thou not "enter the moſque?'

"'No;

" 'No,' anſwered he; 'buſineſs calls " me hence. But nevertheleſs, when " thy devotions are concluded, thou " ſhalt find me walking in the outer " court.'

" He then left me; and taking my " ſlippers from my feet, and after having " waſhed, and ſpent ſome time in " prayer, I quitted the temple, and " again entered the court, where my " eyes wandered in vain in ſearch of " Mirzan.

" Wearied with waiting for a man, " who might have abandoned me, with " an intention never to return; and " having no reaſon to put faith in his " promiſes, I began to think, that, tired

" of the company of one, from whom
" his boaſted wiles could derive no be-
" nefit, he had left me to purſue my for-
" tunes alone. Full of theſe ideas, I
" was paſſing on into the ſtreet, with a
" reſolution to ſeek a caravanſera, where
" I might ſpend the night; when, to my
" ſurpriſe, I beheld the ſon of Haſſan
" in grave diſcourſe with a ſtranger,
" who quitted him the moment they
" obſerved me. Mirzan advanced with
" a ſmiling air.

" ' Ah, my friend!' cried he, ' thou '
" art doubtleſs tired of expecting me:
" but be not chagrined; the happineſs
" which awaits us may well repay the
" ſuſpenſe of a moment.'

" ' Hear

" 'Hear me, ſon of Haſſan!' ſaid I,
" with a determined tone. 'Think not
" to ſully a mind, pure as the brook,
" murmuring over pebbles of cryſtal,
" by entangling it in ſchemes of perfidy
" and fraud. Thou haſt laid open to
" the view of Abdallah, a heart, dark
" as the dreary vaults which contain the
" aſhes of the dead; relentleſs as the
" ſpotted leopard, whoſe bleeding jaws
" proclaim the deſtruction of the inno-
" cent. Wonder not, then, at the juſt
" abhorrence with which thou haſt in-
" ſpired the ſon of Horeb. Leave me,
" O Mirzan!—leave me to purſue alone
" the deſtiny which heaven deſigns me."
" When I had pronounced theſe words,
" he took my hand, and gazing in my

" face,

" face, as if unable to ſpeak, the tears
" ſprang in his eyes.

" ' O Mahomet!' cried he, at length,
" ' is it poſſible that he, for whom alone
" ' the ſoul of Mirzan ever felt a friend-
" ' ſhip, ſhould fly from his ſight, as
" ' more cruel than the monſters of the
" ' deſert! Even as the golden beams of
" ' the ſun diſcloſe the beauties of the
" ' flowers, which bloomed in vain be-
" ' neath the ſhades of darkneſs; ſo has
" ' the bright flame of thy virtue, O Ab-
" ' dallah! opened the heart of Mirzan,
" ' which has been too long cloſed in the
" ' night of vice. Liſten then, O ſon of
" ' Horeb! to the words of my voice.
" ' I ſwear by Mahomet, and the holy
" ' imams, that every thought of my ſoul

"shall be transparent to thy view; and
"that if thou discoverest there the
"venom of deceit, that moment shall
"destroy the bands which unite us.'

"'Tell me then,' said I, 'what is
"the happiness of which thou speakest,
"and wherefore thou art thus rejoiced?'

"'Thou wouldst doubtless wonder,'
"replied he, 'what business could call
"upon the son of Hassan in a place to
"which he was a stranger. He shall
"now inform thee. Inexperienced as
"he is in the customs of mankind, age
"has, nevertheless, implanted a thought-
"fulness in his heart, to which thou,
"youthful as thou art, hast not yet at-
"tained. Mirzan left thee at the door

"of

" of the moſque with a view of obtain-
" ing food, and an aſylum for the night.
" As he proceeded in meditation on the
" uncertainty of the fortunes of men,
" his eyes were ſtruck by the appearance
" of a young man, magnificently dreſſed,
" attended by ſeveral ſlaves. I ven-
" tured not to accoſt him, but addreſſing
" myſelf to one of the ſlaves, entreated
" him to direct me to a caravanſera,
" where two weary travellers might take
" up their abode. The young man ob-
" ſerving me, demanded the words
" which I had ſpoken; and on being
" informed of my requeſt, ordered me
" to advance, and having diſmiſſed his
" attendants, fell into diſcourſe with
" me. After I had related to him our
" ſtory, he ſaid, with an air of benig-

"nity, 'Thou art now talking with a "man who is a ſtranger like thyſelf. "I am a merchant of the town of "Moultan, which is ſituated on the "eaſtern bank of the river Indus, "whom heaven has not only endowed "with wealth, but likewiſe with a heart "capable of diffuſing it. I give this "night an entertainment to my friends, "at which thou, and the young Perſian "of whom thou ſpeakeſt, ſhall be wel-"come.'

"'Tranſported at the beneficence of "the ſtranger, and full of the affection "with which thy virtue had inſpired "my ſoul, I failed not to ſpeak of thee, "as one with whom the merchant "would be charmed; and dwelt with

"de-

" delight on the melody with which thou
" warbledſt forth the ſongs of the poet
" Hafez, making me forget, in the
" ſweetneſs of thy ſtrains, the tediouſ-
" neſs of the way.'

" 'Ah!' cried the merchant, 'I am
" enchanted at thy words! Coſrou is a
" man who ſpareth nothing for the ſatiſ-
" faction of his gueſts. All the ſingers
" of Duchee have in vain exerted their
" talents before me; they have failed to
" pleaſe: and I this morning cauſed it
" to be proclaimed, that three hundred
" ſequins ſhould be the reward of that
" ſinger, whoſe ſtrains ſhould be for-
" tunate enough to ſeem pleaſing in the
" ears of Coſrou and his friends.'

"'Generous Cosrou!' cried I, 'I will "haſten to meet Abdallah, and inform "him of the noble offer which thou "haſt made.' The merchant then led "me to the houſe which he inhabits "during his abode in this town, and "after conveying me to the door of the "moſque, quitted me to return home.

"'I have now declared to thee the "adventure, which raiſed emotions of "pleaſure in the breaſt of the ſon of "Haſſan; and thou alone canſt deter-"mine whether or not thou wilt profit "by the recital.'

"In a word, inſtigated by the eager "ſpirit of youth, I heſitated not, but "ſeized with avidity the offer of the "mer-

" merchant; and proceeding to the
" bazar *, we furniſhed ourſelves, by
" means of the ill-acquired ſequins of
" Mirzan, with clothes more fit to
" appear in the preſence of Coſrou.
" After having employed ourſelves
" in admiring every thing worthy of
" notice in the town, we bent our
" ſteps towards the houſe of the mer-
" chant, which Mirzan found without
" difficulty.

" The roof and pillars of the court
" through which we paſſed, were of the
" fineſt porphyry, and the floor was de-
" corated with ſcarlet cloth, beautifully
" embroidered. While I was gazing
" in profound admiration on the mag-

* Market-place.

" nificence

" nificence of the ſurrounding objects,
" by the light of innumerable flambeaux,
" which ſeemed to defy the night,
" 'O Abdallah!' ſaid Mirzan, 'tell me
" what are thy thoughts? Wouldſt
" thou not exchange the ſimple beauties
" of the cottage and rivulet of Amha-
" ran, for a ſcene of ſo much ſplen-
" dour?'

" I was about to reply to theſe words,
" when a ſlave advanced, and offered
" to conduct us to his maſter.

" We ſuffered him to lead us to the
" apartment in which the gueſts were aſ-
" ſembled, partaking of a feaſt fit for the
" entertainment of the greateſt omrahs.
" Mirzan preſented me to the merchant,

" and, after having informed him I was
" the young Perſian of whom he had
" ſpoken in the morning, took a ſeat
" among the gueſts. As for thy ſervant,
" Coſrou ordered him, in a tone of au-
" thority, to ſing ſome of the verſes of
" Hafez. Unuſed to the air of gran-
" deur that reigned around, the coward
" ſoul of Abdallah ſhrunk beneath an
" unconquerable awe. I haſtened, how-
" ever, to obey: but, alas! my efforts
" were vain; my voice faltered; and
" I ſtopped, overwhelmed with con-
" fuſion. I perceived, with diſmay, the
" ſtorm which was beginning to cloud
" the dark viſage of Coſrou: his fierce
" eyes ſparkled with rage, and he was
" preparing a bitter rebuke as the re-
" ward of my unſucceſsful endeavours;

" when

" when happily my courage returned.
" I began once more the ſong of Hafez,
" and it was received with general ap-
" probation. Applauſe, that ſpur to
" ambition, aided by the fumes of the
" opium which was preſented to me,
" encouraged me, at the deſire of the
" merchant, to ſing with more confi-
" dence ſome of the moſt admired verſes
" of the great Ferdous *.

" The gueſts now began to withdraw;
" and Mirzan approaching me, ſaid
" with a low voice, 'Son of Horeb,
" thou haſt performed well. I thank
" thee for the ſervice thou haſt done

* A famous Perſian poet, who wrote the hiſtory of the kings of his country, in ſixty-ſix thouſand verſes. He was a native of Bactria.

" me;

" me; and I hope, in return, that ex-
" perience will teach thee, never in
" future to deſpiſe the genius of Mir-
" zan'."

END OF VOL. I.